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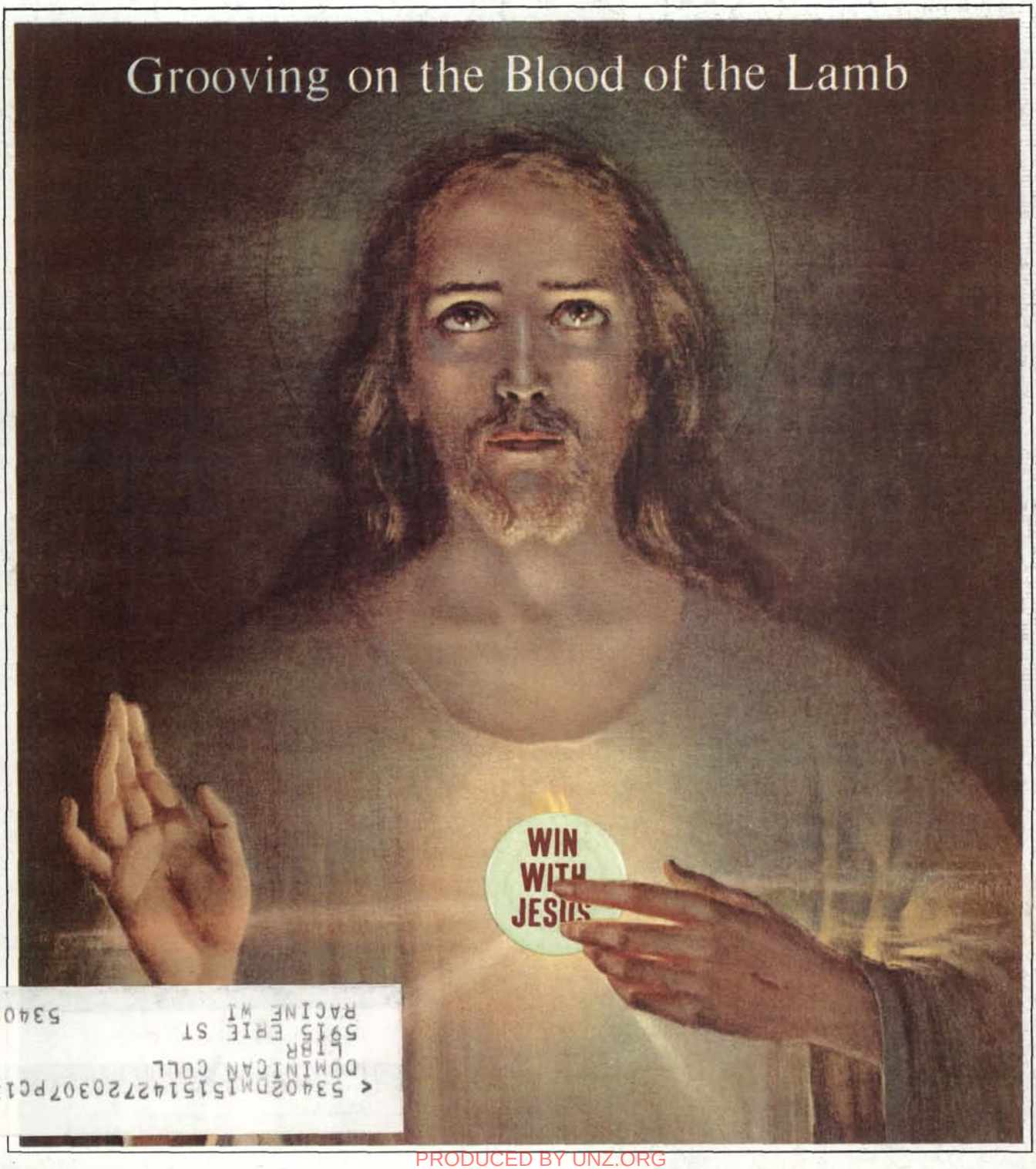

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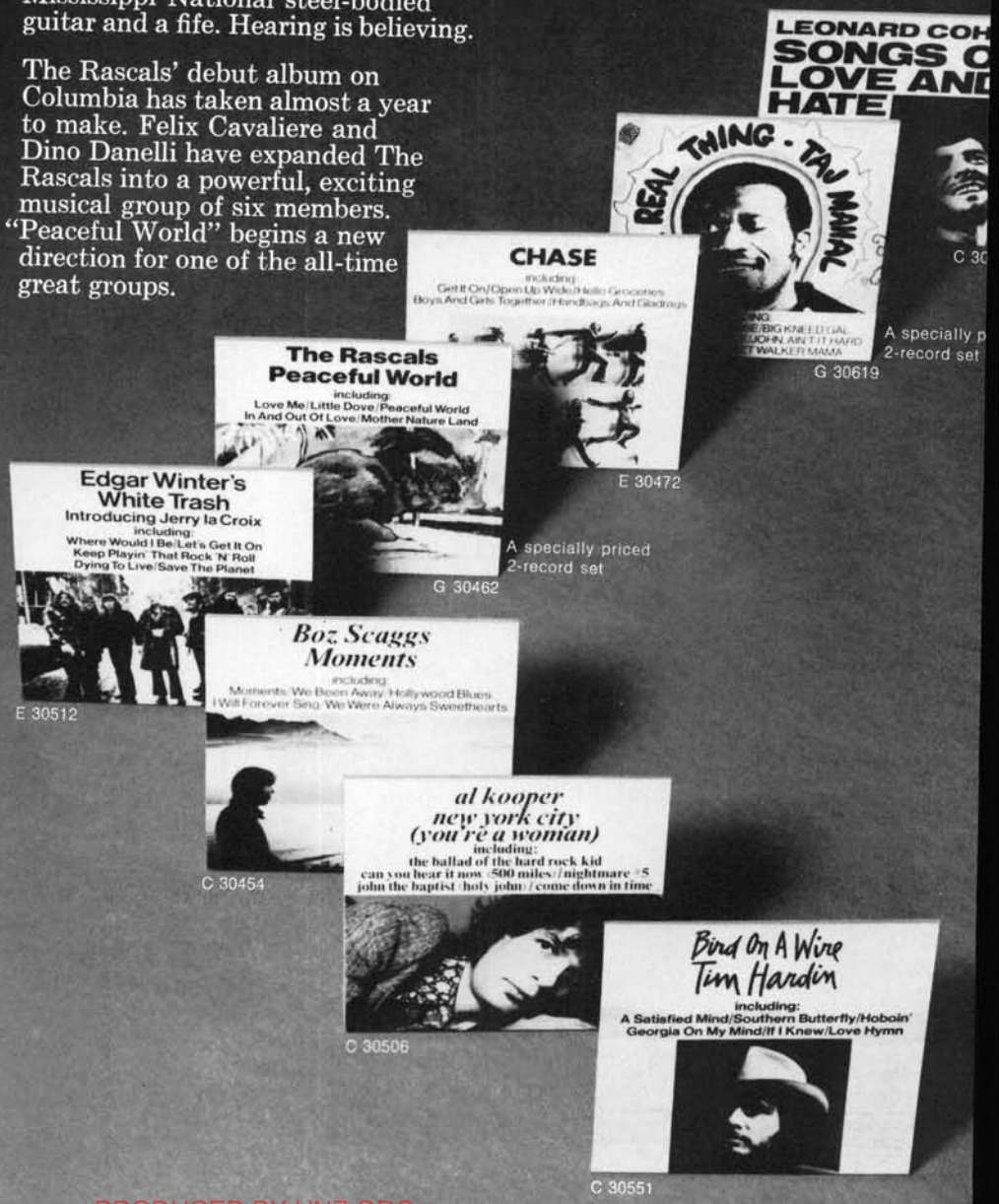

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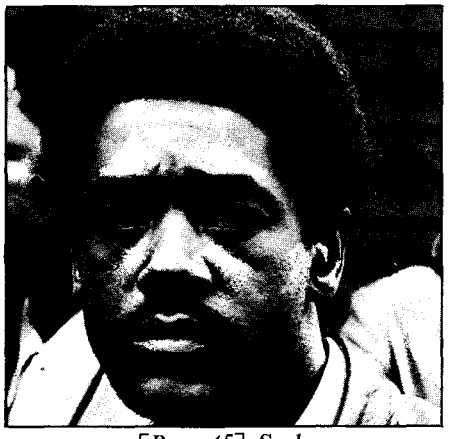

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Hard Times

The Democrats in '72: Muskie and the Teddy Boys

As MIDPOINT 1971 IS PASSED, the recession plunges deeper into crisis. At 6.2 percent, June's unemployment rate was the highest in years; and for young women and Blacks, it was well over 10 percent. One of every three veterans returning from Vietnam couldn't find work. Mindful of the effects of the prolonged 1958 recession on the 1960 Presidential election, Nixon would like to reverse this downward spiral before the primaries. But each of his maneuvers has been stymied: if he cuts down on unemployment by releasing some $10-$12 billion in already appropriated but impounded federal funds, he will face harsh attacks from banks and corporations; if he tries to push money into the economy through revenue sharing, he will stand little chance of getting past powerful Democrat Wilbur Mills of the House Ways and Means Committee.

The economy issue, combined with dissatisfaction over the unending war in Southeast Asia and the populist tendencies defined by Ralph Nader, all seemed to presage smooth sailing for the Democrats in their attempt to recapture the White House in 1972. But while the crisis was deepening Nixon's potential opponents seemed to be competing to see who was dullest and least able to speak to the malaise spreading across all sectors of the country.

MUSKIE, THE FRONT RUNNER, follows an intricate "game plan" set up by his manager Berl Bernhard, a former staff director at the U.S. Civil Rights Commission. That plan called for a year of great publicity in 1970, and requires that Muskie lie low during 1971. Muskie is picking up increasing numbers of political advisors from the Johnson era, including James Rowe, Jr., Harry McPherson, Jr., Clark Clifford and Walter Heller.

The campaign claims to be hard up for money. A 1970 report filed with the House of Representatives showed the Muskie campaign received $182,-893 and spent $205,000. Expenses for 1971 are estimated at from $1 to $1.5 million, and Bernhard told *Congressional Quarterly* that the campaign would need $8 million for primaries and other convention preliminaries. In 1968 Muskie's friend Matthew Liflander persuaded eight New York millionaires to pledge $200,000 to get the campaign started. Half of that amount was guaranteed by Arnold Picker, executive vice president of United Artists. Picker's relatives, friends and business associates also chipped in. Alexander Krim, chairman of United Artists, is hosting luncheons for Muskie in New York. In April Muskie appointed Edward L. Schuman, a McCarthy supporter in 1968 and vice president of Walter Reade Theaters, Inc., to be national fund-raising coordinator.

In recent months Muskie has met with Wall Street financiers who, while upset with Nixon because of the market, are remaining temporarily aloof from the Maine Senator because it's too early to place sizeable bets. One Democratic fund raiser was angry at Muskie. He said a potential contributor called the Muskie office to offer funds, but no one ever returned the call. Recently, due to a lack of cash, the Muskie professional staff was reduced from 42 to 21, and his close advisors are utilizing anti-war mailing lists in an effort to persuade people to house his volunteers for the summer. Muskie probably will run on the all-American yankee personality he projected last Fall in the kitchen chat followed Nixon's San Jose speech. Still, with the possible exception of his reputation as an environmentalist, Muskie's politics are not well known.

In 1963 after the deaths of Robert Kerr and Dennis Chavez, two powerful members of the Senate Public Works Committee, Senator McNamara a Michigan Democrat, became chairman of that committee. Muskie had hoped to be given chairmanship of the River and Harbors subcommittee, which dispenses money for waterway construction, but McNamara, planning to control those projects himself, abolished that subcommittee and instead created a new one on air and water pollution and gave that chairmanship to Muskie. There was no staff for the subcommittee, and so Donald Nicoll, Muskie's assistant, and Ron Linton, a former Kennedy advance man who had become committee clerk, ran the operation. These two worked with a handful of federal officials and lobbyists from the National League of Cities in writing the water pollution reforms.

The reforms largely reflected the interests of these congressional and administrative bureaucrats, and were calculated to direct public works funds towards building sewage works for Democratic machines in big cities. The legislation also created a Basic Standards mechanism which left most of the power over pollution matters in the hands of the state governments. Even after the reform law was passed and the ecology bandwagon was start-

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ing to move, Muskie cooperated with Stewart Udall, Secretary of the Interior, who wanted to gain control of water pollution from HEW. Udall hoped to build the Interior Department into a new political organization with a base in populous eastern cities and thought that the water pollution program with over one billion in annual sewage grants was just the vehicle. Muskie went along with Udall, after it was agreed that Muskie's subcommittee would retain control over water pollution.

But the major point is that those vaunted pollution reforms haven't accomplished much. While the Basic Standards law was passed in 1965, the standards still haven't been set. Muskie has refused to consider various independent reports which question the validity of the program; and, worst of all, the laws leave the authority for stopping pollution in the hands of the ineffectual state governments. Air pollution reforms haven't accomplished much either. Instead of regulating pollutants by setting emission standards, Muskie influenced Congress to write a law which begins by measuring pollution in the air, then work backward to try and find the polluter. The idea originally was conceived by Jennings Randolph, the committee chairman from West Virginia who is a great friend of the coal industry. The Randolph approach makes it impossible to establish workable pollution controls or, at the very least, it assures industry (particularly power plants which burn coal) a lengthy period of delay.

In foreign affairs, Muskie never was a strong proponent of the Indochina war, but then he never was much of an opponent either. In 1966 while discussing Vietnam, he said: "We believe that freedom is at stake. We believe that the right of small nations to work out their own destiny in their own way is at stake. We believe that containment of expansionist Communism regrettably involves direct confrontation from time to time and that to retreat from it is to undermine the prospects for stability and peace." Muskie privately expressed doubts about renewal of bombing in 1968 to LBJ, but publicly he supported the administration. At the Democratic National Convention he was against an unconditional halt in bombing, but said he would be for a halt if it pushed negotiations ahead. By 1969 Muskie was sensing which way the truth was blowing: he backed the Moratorium and called for a stand-still cease fire. Recently Muskie said he was for withdrawal from Vietnam by the end of 1971.

Over the years Muskie has generally backed military appropriations bills, and he supported full funding for the C-5A. At first he supported Mansfield's amendment to withdraw troops from Europe, but after a visit to Germany he changed his mind and now wants to leave troops in for the time being to avoid embarrassing Willy Brandt. In 1966 he voted against repealing the Tonkin Gulf amendment. In 1967 he voted to resume supplying arms to other countries and *against* limiting Defense Department research and development funds to military projects.

MANY OF THE YOUNGER PEOPLE who worked for Robert Kennedy or McCarthy in 1968 sought employment in what they hoped would be a Ted Kennedy apparatus. But on being told he was not running after the incident at Chappaquiddick, they joined instead the campaigns of McGovern or Bayh. And, partly for this reason, both campaigns are viewed as stalking horses for Kennedy, although for the time being, the McGovern campaign looks more like an effort to raise foreign policy issues than it does a serious effort to win office; and the well-financed Bayh operation looks like a shrewd maneuver by the people putting up the money to get a piece of the vice presidency.

Gary Hart, who organized for Kennedy in the mountain states during 1968 is McGovern's campaign director. Finance chairman is Henry Kimelman, a former business partner of Stewart Udall who deals in the Virgin Islands. Fund raising on the West Coast is handled by Max Palevsky, chairman of the executive committee at Xerox, and in the East by James Kerr, president of AVCO Industries. Blair Clark is in the McGovern campaign as are Camelot holdovers Arthur Schlesinger Jr., Frank Mancewicz and, reportedly, Pierre Salinger.

McGovern is not only against the war, but questions assumptions on which foreign policy is based. But, while he spoke out against hunger in the U.S., he headed Food for Peace, a program which made undeveloped countries largely dependent on U.S. agriculture and U.S. agricultural techniques. It was suggested to McGovern that he run a Naderesque campaign on domestic issues, but he reportedly showed little enthusiasm for such a course.

Bayh's campaign is managed by James Nicholson, former member of the Federal Trade Commission, and P. A. Mach, vice president of the Continental Illinois Bank. The financing is handled by Milton Gilbert, chairman of Gilbert Flexivan Inc., a New York shipping concern. Gilbert helped finance Humphrey's campaign. Bayh's staff includes John Reuther, Walter Reuther's son, and this association is at least symbolic of Bayh's hope for capturing labor support. Although Bayh has argued for campaign funding reforms, he won't say who is giving money to his well-heeled operation, and it has been rumored that Ross Perot is one undisclosed backer.

Bayh is probably best known for his efforts to stop the appointments of Haynsworth and Carswell: he went after Nixon for his handling of the Calley trial. During his first term in office, Bayh supported the Vietnam policies of Kennedy and Johnson. A trip to Vietnam in 1966 made him change his mind: "I found that we were supporting an effort in which corruption was continually depreciating the chances for success there. I found that Americans were fighting battles that should have been fought by the South Vietnamese. I found that, on our part, we were equipping the South Vietnamese troops with outmoded and inferior weaponry." Bayh now believes we should get out of Vietnam by a set date.

In domestic matters, Bayh has taken some odd views. He supported Dirksen's failing newspaper act, which exempts newspapers from the antitrust statutes, thereby providing tacit approval to media monopoly around the country. He has voted for continuance of the subversive controls board, and voted against establishing an independent congressional body to scrutinize the CIA. In 1965 he supported Senator Tower in an effort to gut pollution legislation by backing an amendment which would have authorized the federal government to recommend (but

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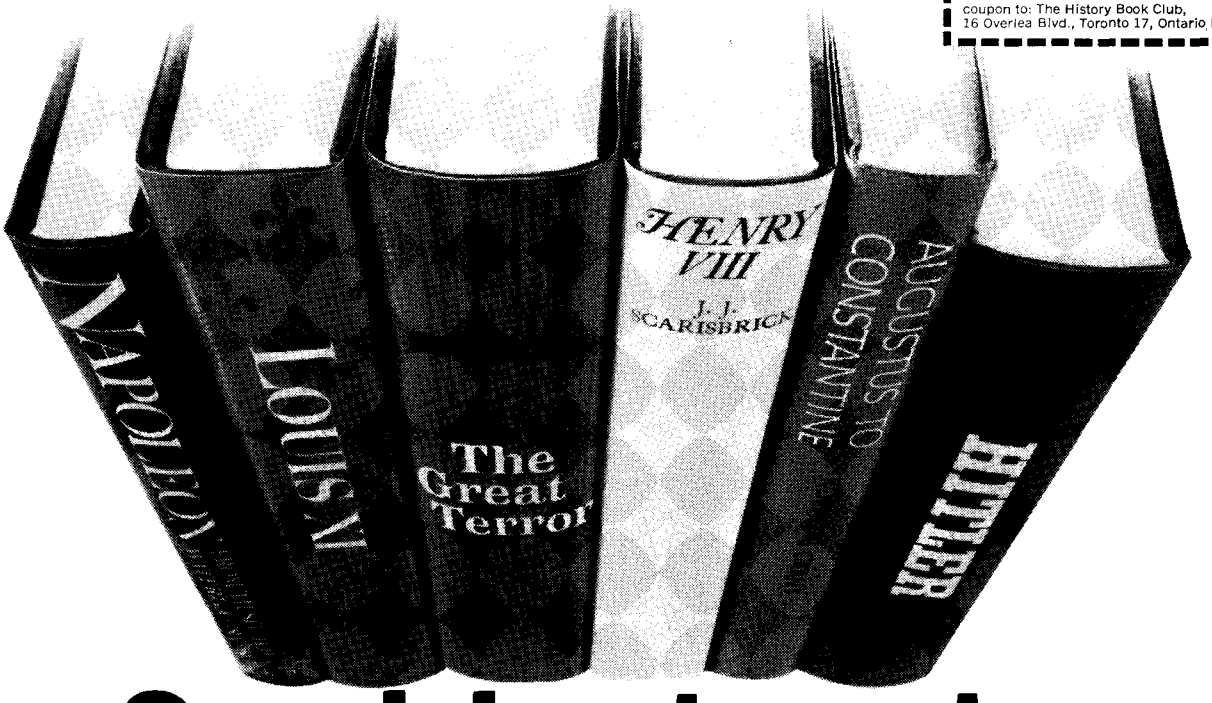

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Both Bayh and McGovern might collapse into a Kennedy operation if Ted eventually decides to run. For the moment, Kennedy's position is that he will not run, won't permit his name to be entered in any primaries, and would not consider the nomination unless a deadlocked convention turned unanimously to him. Kennedy agents, however are active in New York City, and he has parlayed the differences between his medical-care package and the stingier one proposed by Nixon into a symbolic confrontation.

FOLLOWING THE 1970 ELECTION there was considerable speculation about development of a new sort of "populist" wing within the Democratic Party—a kind of homegrown opening to middle-class dissent. Wallace and Agnew sought to exploit this new populism, but generally failed because they served only its concern with "law and order." Ralph Nader, on the other hand, succeeded. His consumer and environmental crusades had gone much further than expected, turning into broad attacks on corporate power. While Nader and other public interest lawyers talked about shareholder democracy at General Motors, they actually were driving at ways of breaking up the corporation and making it serve various constituent interests to be ultimately controlled by workers and consumers.

Whether he wanted to be so or not, Nader has become an important political figure. A Democratic liberal by persuasion, he had tried to help Gore in Tennessee and is credited with assisting Hartke in Indiana. His agents worked to beat Carswell's nomination, and Nader representatives keep a daily hold on major congressional committees. His people had begun by attacking the FTC; by now many of them are working within the agency. He had even begun to create regional organizations, so it seemed reasonable to believe that some of the young, public-interest lawyers might turn to politics, and that Nader himself might follow.

If there were doubts about this, it was that these altogether smooth, public-interest lawyers were largely financed by the foundations which their hero, Wright Patman, wanted to abolish, or by patrician businessmen (*i.e.*, Robert Townsend) whose work they sought to undo. In that sense they seemed to be technocrats arranging new coalitions within the old structure, making room for their own political intertests and keeping tight hold by running their reforms through the court, where, as lawyers, they were in control.

But in point of fact, Nader's attacks have grown considerably more radical as time has gone on. What began as an effort to get safer cars and more clearly labeled foodstuffs, has now turned into a harsh attack on the corporations themselves, which are viewed as criminal and obsolete institutions. Nader is now arguing that small enterprises are more efficient and innovative than big ones, demanding the break-up of giant corporations and arguing that, before any corporation be permitted to do business, it must comply with a federal charter, whereby the central state can establish requirements for social usefulness. This amounts to an attack on liberalism, and in particular on such liberal economists as John Kenneth Galbraith who has provided the rationale for large corporations.

As Nader's attack on corporate power spreads, the possibilities that this "movement" will become a wing of the Democratic party (thus hooking it into the incipient populism surfacing in the consumer and environmental awareness) is diminishing. The corporate socialists in the liberal and moderate wings of the Democratic Party are increasingly perceived not as allies, but as enemies. And conversely, this means that the Democratic candidates will continue to waltz around in their dance of dullness.

—JAMES RIDGEWAY

Mayday

WORLD BANK LOGGING: Under Robert McNamara the World Bank has loaned Malaysia $21 million to clear 93,000 acres of dense hardwood forest in the so-called Jengka Triangle near the Thai border in what is referred to locally as a "peaceful defoliation campaign." Communist guerrillas operate in the area.

The World Bank idea is to clear the trees, then plant the area with oil palms and rubber trees. People who are attracted to live in the new settlements and towns will be paid a daily wage and given shares of stock in state-owned industrial operations. The military aspects of the Jengka Triangle scheme are pretty plain. Clearing the forests will facilitate roadbuilding by the military, which is part of their counter-insurgency operations. And the settlements are a means of population control in the Vietnam manner.

According to the World Bank the Jengka program is "a long-range effort designed to exploit undeveloped regions and, at the same time, to provide new job opportunities for the country's unemployed and underemployed." This is important because unemployment is high, and must be brought down if the country's rulers are to stay in power. But the scheme has been criticized for creating slave labor. The publication *Asian Industry* said the government "originally handed out subsistence allowances on a monthly basis, but now the settler receives a daily wage. This system is designed to make him work harder and inspire his dependents to labor as well." Rubber tappers earn about 12 cents an hour, and it is usual for them to kick back some of that to those who got them their jobs.

While Jengka Triangle is nominally a state-operated venture, management and know-how comes from abroad. New York and San Francisco firms thought up the idea; Canadians will do the logging; and Security Pacific National Bank, Los Angeles, is making part of the loan. All the lumber, palm oil and rubber are destined for foreign markets so that, in the World Bank's view, Malaysia's foreign exchange earnings can be bolstered.

Actually exploitation of Jengka Triangle timber is part of a fierce battle for control of the world's dwindling lumber supplies by a handful of British, American and Japanese companies. In the case of Malaysia, the world's largest exporter of hardwood logs, the contest is to see which company can cut down more trees before the government imposes strict rules on foreign operations. Profits are immense: Weyerhauser's local subsidiary reportedly turned a 30 percent profit last year. A great deal of the lumber goes to Japan, Australia, and the U.S.

With much of the timber in the U.S. already gone, lumber companies

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have successfully pressured the Nixon administration into increasing their already extensive cuts in the public forests of the west, most of which goes to Japan. At the same time, they play international markets. Weyerhauser has investments in 17 countries, including Costa Rica, Canada, South Africa, France and Venezuela. Weyerhauser alone has cutting rights to 750,000 acres of forest lands in Malaysia and the Philippines. A quarter of its sales are international, with exports to Japan rising steadily from both Asia and the U.S. Hans A. Brune, a Weyerhauser executive, describes how the company sees business developing: "As a forest company investing, we look at the two ends: When we talk about Europe and Japan, perhaps we are thinking about paper machines and the converting end of the business; and when we talk about the less-developed countries, we are thinking about logging, saw mills, perhaps pulp mills. . . . In one case we go after the market and in the other we go after the raw materials. Since we are interested in being a world-wide company . . . we are going after both of them."

THEFT FROM UTE INDIANS: The Supreme Court recently agreed to hear a suit brought by 207 mixed-blood Ute Indians who are charging the Bureau of Indian Affairs and the First Security Bank of Salt Lake City with defrauding them of their shares of the tribal mineral estate. The case recalls Peter Minuet's purchase of Manhattan. A geologist at the University of Utah estimates one share of the tribal mineral rights to be worth $28,919.29; from 1961 until 1967 the 207 Utes sold their shares to white men for prices ranging from $30 and a car, to about $400.

The situation came about this way: In 1961, 490 mixed-blood Utes were "terminated" from federal control. This meant they were considered able to manage their own property and were separated from the rest of the tribe. (It also meant they lost hunting and fishing privileges on the reservation, free public health services, education services, real estate management services, and credit and finance services, water rights, and exemption from taxation of land.) The mineral estate on the Utes' Uintah and Ouray Reservation was to be held jointly by the terminated and the tribal Utes. The BIA established the Ute Distribution Corporation to hold the mineral lands, and each terminated Ute received 10 shares in the corporation which he was free to sell. The value of the mineral assets on the reservation is not precisely known, but the total oil in the Uintah and Duchesne counties—one-third of whose property the reservation occupies—is estimated to exceed 54,287,215 barrels. Because the Utes were ignorant of the value of their mineral rights and had no experience buying or selling stocks, the BIA appointed the First Security Bank of Salt Lake City as transfer agent to help them sell the stock according to procedure it had established. The BIA specified that the stock was first to be publicly offered for sale to Utes. If no one bought it, it might then be offered for sale at the same or a higher price to non-Indians. The First Security Bank was to advise the Utes that the value of their stock was undetermined, and discourage them from selling or mortgaging it. Each stock certificate contained a warning against selling the rights to the mineral estate.

It was alleged during court proceedings that the BIA and the First Security Bank helped the Utes protect their mineral rights in the following ways: One woman sold John Gale, an agent of the Bank, 3 of her 10 shares for about $350; Gale resold the stock later at a profit. The shares were never offered for sale to the Utes, and Gale did not tell the woman he intended to resell the stock, nor did he allow her to read the warning against sale appearing on the stock certificate. One terminated Ute, Melvin Reed, was arrested for drunkenness in Roosevelt, Utah, and brought before John Gale, who also was a justice of the peace. Gale first imposed a fine so high that Reed could not pay it, and later released Reed from jail when he agreed to sell his mineral stock. That same day an agent of Gale's came to Reed's home with a '59 Cadillac which he'd heard Reed wanted to buy. He took Reed for a drive, they had a few drinks, and Reed signed a blank document which later became an affidavit affirming he had received $6500 in cash for his stock.

The Bank's agents, who bought shares from the Utes, resold them, and persuaded the Indians to sign blank affidavits, used Bank facilities and personnel for their transactions. Moreover, the First Security Bank repeatedly received documents of transfer showing that stock sold had never been posted for sale for the Utes to see, or had subsequently been sold at a far lower price. The documents of transfer often came to the Bank on the stationary of auto dealers, suggesting the currency in which the Utes were being paid. On several occasions the First Security Bank refused to allow the Utes to see the warnings against sale on their stock certificates. When the Ute Distribution Corporation asked for a loan so that it might buy some of the stock offered for sale, the First Security Bank replied that UDC stock certificates would not be adequate collateral for a loan.

The Bureau of Indian Affairs acknowledged some "irregularities," but would not take any remedial action. The realty officer at the BIA's Uintah and Ouray Agency, which manages affairs on the Ute reservation, wrote the superintendent there, ". . . we could not help but note several irregularities, indicating that an advantage was being taken of some of the sellers; since, however, the seller furnished us with an affidavit or certified statement to the effect that he had received from the named non-Indian buyer the price he had asked, we did not feel it our responsibility to pursue the matter further." The BIA suggested in Congressional testimony in 1961 that it knew the possible value of the Utes' mineral rights, but it made no effort to inform the Utes. The director of resources for the Ute Tribe asked that the U.S. Geological Survey appraise the assets administered by the Ute Distribution Corporation; the government said the Survey didn't have the money to do so.

A federal district court in Utah found the United States and the First Security Bank liable to the Utes, and awarded the native Americans damages at $1500 per share. The federal Court of Appeals overturned the decision finding the U.S. not liable. It found the First Security Bank liable, but for greatly reduced charges, and it awarded no specific damages.

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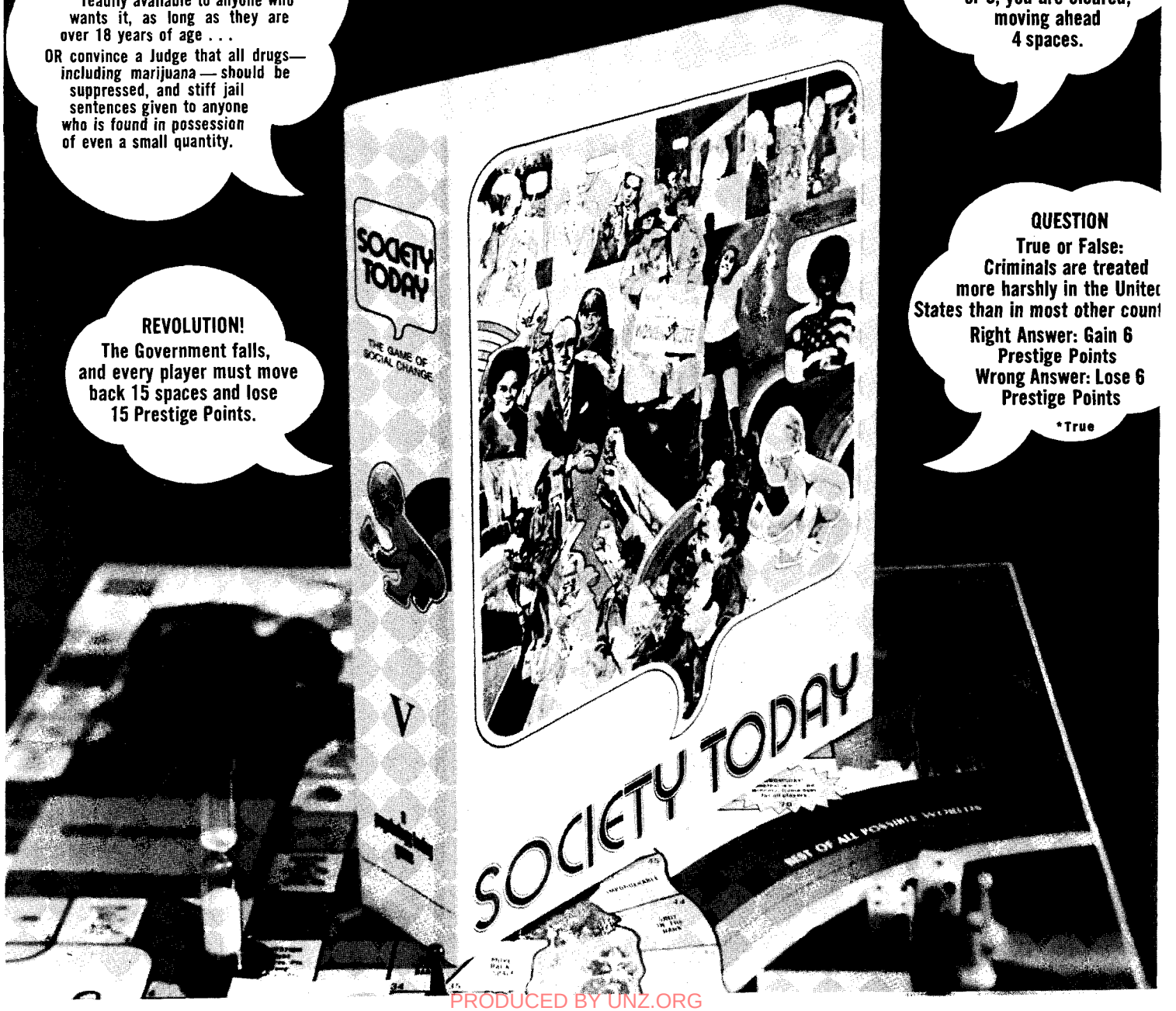

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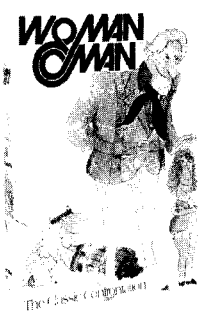

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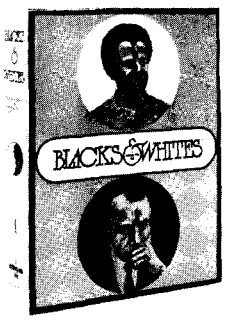

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Inside China:
In the wake of the Cultural Revolution

The Maoists have not touched the "system"... but have touched the hearts of the people . . . in offices, factories and communes.

As we go to press, reports of a cholera epidemic on the Indian sub-continent serve to underline the epoch-making significance of the Chinese Revolution for the poverty-stricken and disease-ridden neo-colonies of the underdeveloped world. In its ability to wrench itself free from exploited dependency and to make its economy serve the needs of its people, China has been unique among the major countries of the third world, contrasting starkly with the stagnant satellites of America's free world imperium, from Indochina and India to Nigeria and Brazil.

But the impact of China's Revolution extends beyond its success in re-allocating social *resources, to its more ambitious attempt to restructure the way* human *resources are administered in an increasingly complex and modern economy. For radicals in the West, China's "Cultural Revolution," launched in 1966 as an effort to break down bureaucratic hierarchies, both in production and in politics, has been the most compelling aspect of China's revolutionary experience. The following report on the fate of the Cultural Revolution reveals how far-reaching, and yet at the same time how ambivalent in results the Cultural Revolution has been. The Red Guards who spear-headed the revolution have been chastened and sent to "agricultural schools," while, as the result of their rebellion, the main balance of the political process seems to have shifted from the traditionally centralist and hierarchical Communist Party not to*

Photographs by Richard and Sally Greenhill

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People's Councils but to the People's Liberation Army, an organization for which there must be few if any parallels outside China.

The following article by John Gittings is the first in a new series of RAMPARTS' *reports on contemporary China, and the second lengthy eyewitness account of the Cultural Revolution to appear in these pages. (The first by K. S. Karol appeared in the March 1968 issue.)*

John Gittings is a former assistant editor of the Far Eastern Economic Review *and is now a Research Fellow at London School of Economics' Centre for International Studies. He spent the month of April in China as a member of a delegation from the Society for Anglo-Chinese Understanding, on an itinerary which included Canton, Hangchow, Shanghai, Nanking, Sian, Yenan, Tachai and Peking. He is the author of* The Role of the Chinese Army, *Oxford University Press, 1967, and is currently working on a study of Chinese Foreign Policy and the Cold War in Asia.*

COMRADE CHANG, FORMERLY HEAD of the Municipal Housing Department of Chungwen District, Peking, has been in charge of a vegetable garden since October 1968. Cucumbers, tomatoes and celery are grown under frames and then transplanted into the sandy soil which Chang and his colleagues have reclaimed from barren land. Chang sleeps in an outhouse next to the frames, but he eats his meals down in the ex-army barracks with everyone else. He has two weekend passes a month back to the big city, bicycling the 15 kilometers to his family unless there are enough people going home to hire a bus. He will stay at the school as long as required, "according to the needs of the State."

The May 7 Cadre Schools, where officials or "cadres" from every grade in China are sent "to remold their world outlook," come high on the list for most foreign visitors today—much to the amazement of some hard-bitten China Watchers.

However, life is not so bad as all that at the Chungwen District Cadre School; nor is it a form of punishment for an errant minority of officials, but rather a process of re-education through which the great majority of them must pass. According to Mao's directive of October 1968, only the "old, weak, ill or disabled" are exempt from going to the countryside. At Chungwen School alone, 600 officials have already graduated and another 200 remain. There are similar schools for each of the other 17 municipal districts in Peking.

"Have you done your labor yet?" I heard a cadre asked once in polite conversation, as casually as the more familiar greeting of "Have you eaten?" There have been labor campaigns in China before for white-collar workers (the term "cadre" covers almost anyone employed in an administrative capacity who is, as the Chinese describe it, "divorced from production"), but in its scope and depth this campaign is entirely new.

"In the cities we knew how to eat, but not how to grow what we ate. We covered our faces against the dusty winds, but here in the countryside we can work in a sandstorm with our faces uncovered. The work is certainly hard, though probably not intolerable. Only three days a week are spent in the fields, where the cadres have wrought many acres of rice-growing paddy out of the unpromising raw material of roadbeds and sandhills. The other two days are spent in political studies, going back to the basic principles of Marxism-Leninism (*The Communist Manifesto* this spring, Lenin's *Three Components of Marxism* in the summer) and in collective discussions and self-criticisms. All the cadres continue to receive the same rate of pay which they drew in the city, which means that their families continue to enjoy the same standard of living. For cadres whose average age is around 40, the school is no picnic, but the discipline it requires is more mental than physical.

THE PURPOSE OF MAO TSE-TUNG'S "May 7th Directive," issued in 1966 at the start of the Cultural Revolution, was not simply to promote production but rather to create a diversity of human talents and social awareness. As the *People's Daily* explained, the Directive would make it possible "to promote the step-by-step narrowing of the gap between workers and peasants, town and country, and mental and manual labor." And this year, in an editorial on the fifth anniversary of the Directive, the *People's Daily* again reminded its readers that, while production is "necessary," it is only a means toward "remolding the cadres' world outlook."

It is not so much what you do as the way you do it which (within obvious limits) counts in China today. The phrase "world outlook" means, roughly, how the individual relates his own identity and behavior to the goals of the wider "world" around him—we might translate it as a sense of "social conscience." This phrase goes hand in hand with the parallel concept of "work style," which means not only the way you do your work, but the mental attitude which underlies your attitude to that work. Are you working for yourself, the question is frequently asked, or are you working for China and the world? Do you have the proper world outlook?

Central to our understanding of the Cultural Revolution is this greater emphasis on motivation rather than actual performance. It helps to explain why, even for the most diligent China Watcher, it is so difficult to identify quantifiable or systematic changes in national policy and planning since the Cultural Revolution. In this sense the Revolution was *not* "about" promoting this policy or abolishing that one. The Maoists have not touched the "system," or hardly at all; but they do claim to have touched the hearts of the Chinese people, not only in the municipal offices, but in the factories and communes as well.

[CONTRADICTIONS IN THE COUNTRYSIDE]

FOR SEVERAL YEARS NOW, THE countryside has experienced what might be called the problems of sufficiency. After the mistakes and natural disasters of the Great Leap Forward, production picked up steadily and in 1965, the eve of the Cultural Revolution, Chinese agriculture was in good shape. But the rise in pro-

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duction was accompanied by a resurgence of capitalistic practices, with many officials more interested in the results than in methods. Private cultivation increased at the expense of the collective land; free markets began to blossom; and an elaborate system of recompensing labor through the calculation of "work-points," graded according to different types of work, encouraged differentials in rural incomes.

During the years 1962–65, a series of campaigns was launched to put socialism back into rural production. They met with little success, partly because of differences between the Maoists and economic planners in the national leadership (now identified with Liu Shao-ch'i) as to where the root cause of the trouble lay. The disagreement is complex in its details, but basically it concerned the problem of "the mass line." Mao believed that an active and large minority among the masses wanted more, rather than less, socialism. The same number may be against more socialism, but the middle-of-the-roaders—the 40 percent in between—can be won over. The opposition to Mao was more pessimistic, however, and perhaps reluctant to tamper with the workings of a New Economic Policy which at least filled people's stomachs. It criticized both the masses and local cadres for capitalistic backsliding, but kept the power for decision-making in the hands of its own bureaucracy.

As a result of the Cultural Revolution, this power has been returned to the peasant at the commune level, while the bureaucrats at the intermediate levels and above have been chastized. There has been a deliberate policy of decentralization into the communes' hands. Farm machinery stations have been split up, with schools and hospitals now being run and financed by the commune, and investment programs decided at the same level. It is claimed that there has been an upsurge in local initiatives, with more land reclamation and water-conservation projects than at any time since the 1958 Great Leap Forward. The commune, and the semi-autonomous brigades into which it is divided, are managed by their own Revolutionary Committees on which peasants and cadres serve together with (in some cases) a few local soldiers who were sent to the countryside during the Cultural Revolution to "support the left."

No single element of the agricultural system has been officially abolished. Almost everywhere in China one can still see private plots of land, irregular patches where peasants can grow vegetables for the family table. The production team, a subdivision of the brigade (which before the Cultural Revolution often operated on its own at the expense of the larger collective), still exists. Free markets for "sideline production" are also admitted to be operating.

Out of all the places that I visited, only in Tachai, the national model for agriculture, has the private plot and the production team been abolished. And yet paradoxically this information is not emphasized in the national "Learn From Tachai" propaganda. Elsewhere these formal steps will only be taken when the time is ripe—not by a stroke of the pen. What does receive wide publicity is the work-point system, which *does* still exist, although it now is operated in Tachai with much more flexibility.

The amount of work performed by an individual is still recorded daily, and it is given a rough value on a scale from 1 to 11. But these tallies are not final. They are assessed by the individual himself and by his fellow-workers at the end of the year; and non-material factors are taken into account. An old man who does light work looking after the pigs may be judged to set a good political example to the younger members of the brigade. A woman who is active in welfare work also will deserve more points. "Now we are working for revolution and not for work-points," I was told in Tachai. That is not strictly true, but the new approach should, in theory, make the work-points *serve* the revolution instead of working against it.

Precisely because it depends upon a collective will, rather than upon any organizational imperative, the future of socialism in the Chinese countryside must still be an open question. If "backsliding" took place between the 1958 Great Leap Forward and the Cultural Revolution of 1966, it could happen again. It is at this level that the Thought of Mao Tse-tung, with its elementary emphasis upon Serving the People, plays a vital role in inspiring them not to consume their reserves but to go out and reclaim new land. If the inspiration becomes routinized or lapses for any other reason, or if Mao's confidence that one can trust the masses is misplaced, then it will be time for *another* Cultural Revolution.

[REVOLUTION ON THE FACTORY FLOOR]

"You may have noticed when we were showing you around our factory that some people had written criticisms of the management on the blackboards. They are asking us to have 'simpler administration and better troops.' What is our attitude to this? Well, Chairman Mao teaches us that the masses are the real heroes, and, if we think we are better than them, that is a remnant of Liu Shao-ch'i's revisionism."

IN THE FACTORIES WHERE LIFE IS more highly structured than in rural communes, new forms of organization have assumed greater significance since the Cultural Revolution. But these organizations are only so strong—or so weak—as the people and relationships which they encompass. At the Shanghai No. 1 Machine Tool Plant they had, on paper, a superb Revolutionary Committee—23 out of its 43 members were from the factory floor. The Plant also had been personally praised by Mao for training workers to become technicians by setting up its own engineering college.

Yet, when we visited the plant, something was wrong. We were harried and hurried from one workshop to the next with a most untypical lack of Chinese courtesy. The working atmosphere seemed tense and machines were idle. Soon they hoped to set up, I was told, a Workers' Representative Assembly which would "supervise the work of the Revolutionary Committee." (These new workers' bodies, which have replaced the former trade unions, already were established in other factories we visited, although usually without the power of "supervision.") Perhaps there was disagreement between rival factions in the factory over who should represent the workers, even though the factions officially have been disbanded. During the Cultural Revolution Shanghai was always a radical power-house (it was from Shanghai that Mao launched his first propaganda salvo against the anti-Party group of Peking's Mayor Peng Chen),

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but at the same time it was a source of recurring "economist" dissension among the workers. Today this Machine Tool Plant appears to continue in the same tradition; its radical solutions are larger and bolder, but its problems seem to be more persistent.

In other factories the advantages of the new "unified system of management" were more evident. Before the Cultural Revolution, factories had been run by two separate although linked hierarchies—those of the management and those of the Party Committee. Technique and politics worked side by side but did not always co-exist very well. The structure resembled an inverted triangle, with management and Party at the top two corners, bearing down upon the workers at the lowest point. Today the workers, management and Party are combined in one Revolutionary Committee, whose departments are solely responsible for running the factory. The Party Committee still exercises ultimate leadership, but it exists as the "inner core" of the Revolutionary Committee rather than outside it; and it no longer operates its own departments. "Our organization is both simpler and more efficient," I was told at a Printing and Dying Mill in Sian. "Now we have our Three-in-One combination of workers, management and Party all sitting around the same table."

The Revolutionary Committee of this mill had 21 members of whom 12 were ordinary workers, 6 were cadres or management, and 3 were soldiers from the Liberation Army who had been seconded to the factory. The Party Committee itself had 17 members, 11 of whom served simultaneously on the Revolutionary Committee. Only one-third of these Party members were cadres or officials. Yet, in spite of the Cultural Revolution, the hopeful socialist who seeks the perfection of egalitarianism will not find it among the Chinese workers. At the Shanghai Machine Tool Plant the high-

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est wage for technicians was 125 yuan a month; the lowest for workers was 48, while the average was 68. These figures are comparable to those in other factories in China as well.

"The highest wages have stayed the same," I was told at a papermill near Hangchow, "because they are fixed by the State. But we are making adjustments to the lowest wage, step by step and year by year." And at a silk mill in the same town, we were firmly informed that, "Both the worker's technical skill and his political consciousness are taken into account when deciding his salary, but politics is the less important of the two."

[THE RISE AND FALL OF THE RED GUARDS]

FIVE YEARS AGO COMRADE MA WAS a female student at the middle (high) school which is attached to Peking's Tsinghua University, the country's leading technical and scientific institution. It was there in May 1966 that the country's first Red Guard group was formed to struggle against the "revisionist line in education." In a letter to these high school Red Guards Mao Tse-tung first offered his "warm support" for the movement. (It is still not clear whether the first Red Guards had been encouraged by Maoist leaders to organize themselves, or whether the movement really was as spontaneous as is officially claimed.)

The manifestos of the Red Guards at Tsinghua Middle School were published in the Party Journal *Red Flag*. "We wield our golden rods," said the most famous of these iconoclastic broadsides. "We display our supernatural powers and use our magic to turn the old world upside down, smash it to pieces, pulverize it, create chaos and make a tremendous mess, the bigger the better." Liu Shao-ch'i and the old world of Party bureaucracy were smashed, but the chaos went on for too long. Today one can meet reformed Red Guards who will talk with reasonable candor about the factional warfare which developed between rival groups, each claiming to be "the only true left."

At Tsinghua University they admit to "a hundred days of fighting" in April–July 1968, during which homemade guns and cannons were used, rooftop catapults deployed against rival headquarters, tunnels dug against enemy positions, and tractors converted into tanks. Only 300 or so students out of 10,000 actually engaged in fighting, but most of the rest took sides, helping the fiighters with steamed bread and other provisions, though quitting the campus when the battle grew too hot.

Then Chairman Mao stepped in. (Why he did not do so earlier, and what precisely happened in the year 1967–1968 when most of the violence took place, are questions which meet with embarrassed laughs.) "You think that you—and no one else—are right and that without you the world will stop moving," Mao chided the Guards at a meeting in Peking. And he warned them not to be hoodwinked by the

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"class enemies" who were promoting dissent between the rival factions. "Pay special attention to this point!" Then the Workers' Mao Tse-tung Thought Propaganda Team arrived "to restore a working-class leadership to the educational superstructure.." At Tsinghua there were 5000 Team members, or one for every two students, drawn from over 60 Peking factories and stiffened by a contingent from the People's Liberation Army.

At first the workers were opposed by the "ultra-left" student faction in Tsinghua—those who advocated a policy of "doubting everything and knocking everything down"—which went by the name of the April 14 group. Go back to your factories, they shouted; grasp revolution and promote production there. Some of the teaching staff at Tsinghua were glad to have the workers restore order, but not to have them interfere with the educational process. "You take the political leadership while we take the vocational leadership," they told the workers.

In a few days the April 14 group had been persuaded to form a "great alliance" with the rival "Chingkangshan" group—but only on paper. "If we sat down together, we would just start cursing. We would shake hands over the table, while we kicked each other under the table." Eventually most of the student body was sent to work in the countryside, in the factories or in the armed forces. A skeleton staff and student body remained behind, and the university stayed shut for two years. Then in the fall of 1970 it reopened, taking in 2800 new students. There still were 500 workers and soldiers in the Propaganda Team which supervised the university; and they now occupy 11 out of the 31 places on the new Revolutionary Committee which has replaced the old Party Committee—the original object of the Red Guards' attack.

COMRADE MA, EX-ACTIVIST IN THE middle-school Red Guards, is now a student at the university wearing a navy uniform. Like all college entrants in China today, she must have had at least two years' practical experience as a worker, peasant or soldier before qualifying for admission. The days are past when bright middle-school kids in the cities could pass the exams and go straight to college. The intake of new students was carefully defined for us as consisting of 45 percent workers, 40 percent peasants and 15 percent PLA. Less than 10 percent are the children of cadres and less than 3 percent come from a family which belonged before Liberation to the "exploiting classes."

Comrade Ma belongs to that small percentage of students at Tsinghua University whose parents are cadres rather than workers or peasants; she is also one of very few middle-school kids of her generation to make college at all. What has happened to the thousands of other Red Guards in Peking who put into practice Mao's thesis that "It is right to rebel . . .," but forgot the proviso that "It is

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right to rebel against reactionaries" (and not indiscriminately against one another)? Is it really true, as the China-Watching legend has it, that they all have been banished to Outer Tibet or Inner Mongolia, where they are seething with discontent?

[COLLEGE IN THE COUNTRY]

THE MIDDLE-SCHOOL STUDENTS, ex-Red Guards from Peking, whom I met cutting vegetables on the Date Garden commune near Yenan, were attending classes, so they said, at China's great agricultural university. More than 26,000 children from Peking middle schools had left the city in the winter of 1968 to temper themselves through labor.

"Although my dress was clean and I wore a white shirt, my ideology was dirty," said a 19-year-old girl from No. 14 Middle School. "We Red Guards had some great achievements. We went to the streets, we wiped out the ghosts and monsters, we opposed the capitalist road, but we could not integrate ourselves with the masses. And so we have gone to the masses."

Like the cadres who attend the May 7th Cadre Schools, these "educated youth," as they are officially described, lead a life which is hard but not unendurable. They live in their own dormitory on the commune and cook their own meals (an important concession for city dwellers who find peasant cooking hard to stomach). They keep their own pigs, poultry, and rabbits. They have the regulation one-sixtieth of an acre as a private plot for growing vegetables, and they earn work-points under the same system as the peasants. They have all been home at least once to see their families.

As many as 10 million Red Guards are estimated by outside observers to have gone to the countryside since Mao declared in December 1968 that "it is very necessary for educated young people . . . to be re-educated by the poor and lower-middle peasants." I myself met only three out of all these millions, and it is impossible to say how the others are being treated, but it would surely be un-Maoist as well as counter-productive if they were undergoing repression instead of re-education in the great agricultural university.

[THE EDUCATIONAL REVOLUTION]

My Small Self-Criticism

"Although the situation is unprecedently fine at home and abroad, I sometimes laugh in class, and I don't always run to exercise in the playground. I am one of those who give way to nonpolitical behavior. I must never forget class struggle and I must learn from the good working-style of the PLA."

THE TWELVE-YEAR-OLD FIFTH GRADER who pinned up his self-criticism on the classroom wall in a Nanking primary school did not do so because foreign visitors were expected that day, but because every child does the same. This system of self-assessment is part of the "five-good" movement which has been copied from the armed forces; and it is practiced in factories and offices as well as in the schools. On a flimsy sheet of pink paper, headed by a stencilled quotation from Chairman Mao, every schoolchild or worker sums up his behavior which will be discussed, together with that of his colleagues, at a regular monthly meeting.

It is by means such as these that the "petit-bourgeois deviations" which led so many Red Guards into trouble during the Cultural Revolution are being ironed out in the new educational system. The Red Guards still exist as a mass organization in the schools, but the rival factions have been disbanded, their printing presses have been confiscated and their nationwide liaison networks broken up, while the more tightly disciplined Young Communist League, whose activities were suspended during the Cultural Revolution, is now being revived. The Red Guards concern themselves with putting on song-and-dance entertainments, organizing physical exercise in the parks, sweeping the tombs of revolutionary martyrs and marching to the countryside, with red flag aloft, to help the peasants. They no longer make politics or revolution.

LIU SHAO-CH'I HAS BEEN BLAMED for the revisionist line in education that "reading is everything." In the past, it is now said, Chinese students were divorced from politics, from physical labor and from production. This is something of an exaggeration, but certainly there has never before been such a close relationship between theory and practice, between the classroom and the workshop or rice paddy.

The length of primary and secondary schooling has been shortened from twelve years to nine, with five years at primary school (starting at the age of seven) and four more at middle school. Thereafter one becomes a "worker, peasant or soldier." (The system still is described as "experimental," and in some primary schools there is a six-year course.) Local factories or communes help to run the school management and to ensure that the school curricula are relevant to the needs of production. In a working year of about forty-two weeks (with six weeks off in the summer and three weeks' vacation in the winter, plus national holidays), fifth-graders are supposed to spend six weeks doing some kind of productive labor, teachers and staff at least one month. The vocational value of the productive work done by the children may not be very high; its purpose is less to teach them a trade than to demonstrate through practice that physical labor is not to be despised.

THE PRESENT SYSTEM OF EXAMINATIONS," said Mao Tse-tung prior to the Cultural Revolution, "is to treat the students as enemies and to ambush them." Formal exams have been abolished as a means of entrance to higher school or college, and they have been replaced as part of the teaching curriculum by open-book tests and similar methods. Students and teachers may, for example, discuss in advance what ground such a test should should cover, and seek answers to the questions collectively.

But the revolution in education only goes so far, and many teaching innovations in the West which go under the name of educational revolution would be regarded by the Chinese as individualistic and anti-social. The act of choice

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is not personal but collective. Whether it concerns the courses a student takes or the level of education he may reach, the masses and the Party must be consulted. Classroom discipline is strict, especially at primary-school level. There is no question of whether to let the kids mess around with a box of paints to encourage "self-expression" in the amiable fashion of Western progressive schools; to the Chinese teachers, that is an individualistic luxury. Even kindergarten kids, who entertain visitors with Mao songs and dances, do so with hardly a trace of showing off or shyness; already they are conscious that their performance is only part of the collective show.

Yet Chinese children are not politicized automata, although this impression can easily be derived from the overly formal manner in which they are presented to the foreign guest. Chinese children are, above all, social animals with a sense of articulate self-assurance which is likely to surprise most Western visitors. At the foot of the Wild Goose Pagoda in Sian, I came across three young girl Red Guards practicing a Tibetan folk dance (the music was traditional, the words were in praise of Chairman Mao), oblivious of the light rain which fell upon the damp flagstones. "Are you happy?" I asked them when they stopped to climb the pagoda. "Yes," said one of them with a toothy smile. "We are happy. It is the happiness of new China."

[THE POLITICAL STRUGGLE CONTINUES]

THE WORLD OF INNER-PARTY POLITICS is as impenetrable from within China as from without, but the political struggle is still going on. Who exactly are the "political swindlers" currently being denounced in a weighty press campaign, although never by name? The field after all is wide open. In the museum at Yenan, cradle of the Chinese communists from the end of the Long March until the Civil War, only four leaders are mentioned by name—Chairman Mao, Vice-Chairman Lin Piao, Premier Chou En-lai and K'ang Sheng, a close colleague of Mao's and fourth member of the Party Politburo's Standing Committee. The fifth member, philosopher Chen Po-ta and also a long-time colleague of Mao's, has disappeared from sight altogether.

The relaxed domestic atmosphere in China today should not lead us to take an overly bland view of the state of high-level party politics, although we should be equally wary of empty pekinological speculation. The Chinese

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themselves make it quite clear that the struggle against revisionism was a question of *organization* as well as of *line*. They speak of conspiracies, plots and anti-Party factions, and admit that the "remnants" of Liu Shao-chi'i's influence are still felt.

In most of the Chinese towns I visited (Shanghai was an interesting exception), large-character posters of recent vintage were displayed denouncing a "counter-revolutionary" organization called the May 16 group (though no word of this has appeared in the official press). In a lull of the Cultural Revolution during the winter of 1967–68, this group was denounced for ultra-leftist excesses which included the sacking of the British mission in Peking; and several members of the leading Cultural Revolution group who were close to Mao's wife, Chiang Ching, were denounced for complicity in the group's "evil deeds." Why, three years after the event, has it again come under fire?

Partly it is an accusation against the very small minority of Red Guards and rebels who committed offenses which are judged to be of a criminal nature (murder, violence and rape) during the Cultural Revolution. These unsolved cases are being cleared up. There have been reports of mass trials and even of sentences to death by execution. The ramifications of the May 16 Group are extremely complicated, and it takes time to unravel them. It is hard to say exactly where it will lead.

YET IT IS NOT A STRAIGHTFORWARD process of criminal investigation, since it is associated with the "ultra-leftist" deviation under which label many activists in the Cultural Revolution might be included. Peking's foreign comunity hums with the usual rumors of struggles in high places. Nieh Yuan-tzu, once the most famous female Red Guard leader at Peking University, is said to have been struggled against for three months at mass meetings. Perhaps Chen Po-ta himself has been tagged with the ultra-leftist label?

Even if Chen, or other high officials whose names have been suggested, do not belong to the ranks of "political swindlers" who are being denounced, perhaps they should be numbered among the "senior cadres who have failed to remold themselves." (The two categories are sometimes linked together, thus adding to our analytical confusion.) Here we are perhaps on safer ground, since there is no *a priori* reason why anyone should not one day find himself due for remolding. In the words of Chairman Mao: In the course of building the socialist society, everyone needs to be remolded.

This merely provides a doctrinal smokescreen behind which the forces of conservatism and pragmatism can bring the wheel full circle and liquidate the power of those leftists who, claim some cynical China Watchers, rose high in the Cultural Revolution. There is no way of proving or disproving this kind of speculation. All that can be said from personal observation is that at less-exalted levels of leadership (the cadres from Chungwen District at the May 7 Cadre School, for instance) the process of "remolding" is not a mere power struggle, but is manifestly concerned with fundamental questions of one's attitude to society. (Of course, there still may be overtones of conflict over organizational power which the visitor cannot perceive.) Is it so very different at the higher levels of leadership?

Some China Watchers say, "The PLA is everywhere in China." And it is undeniably true that military representatives occupy roughly 40 percent of the seats on the new Ninth Central Committee, elected two years ago. Yet the implication of a country under military dictatorship is not borne out at the level of everyday life. Such an implication stems from a view, for which there is no evident justification, that the PLA is opposed to, or at least stands apart from, the forces of revolution in China. But this overlooks the fact that, as Premier Chou En-lai once said, "this is a very special kind of army."

[LIVING POLITICS IN THE PLA]

There are no juke-boxes in the Soldiers' Club of the Second Company, 587 Regiment, 196 Division. It is a place, so the Political Instructor explained, where the enlisted men can study Marxism-Leninism-Mao Tse-tung Thought. Here they may inspect the homemade land-mines and the rabbiting rifles which their predecessors used to fight the Japanese, and the burp-guns which were captured from the Americans in Korea. "We did not give them a receipt for the weapons," said the Political Instructor. They may read from the Record of Bitter Events, *and compare China's bitter past with her happy present as described in the* Record of Happiness. *These two books, together with the* Company History, *are the Three Great Heirlooms which occupy pride of place in the Soldiers' Club, beneath the portrait of Chairman Mao.*

FROM 1959, WHEN LIN PIAO TOOK OVER as China's Minister of Defense, until the Cultural Revolution began in 1966, the armed forces were being groomed politically. Soviet-style military elitism, which had been encouraged during the 1950s by the introduction of complex systems of ranks and awards, pay and privilege, was actively discouraged. The role of the Political Instructor, who had functioned less effectively during a period when new weapons and new techniques fostered a sense of military professionalism which put politics in second place, was now restored to first place. The Little Red Book of Mao's quotations was compiled, in the first instance, as an army manual.

In the great upheavals of the Cultural Revolution, the PLA did not invariably observe the directives which were issued by the Maoist "proletarian headquarters" in Peking, but on the whole its political discipline and self-control remained high. There was only one major incident of military disaffection—the Wuhan Incident of July 1967 when two emissaries from Mao's Cultural Revolution Group in Peking were detained in the city of Wuhan with the connivance of the regional military commander. Elsewhere in the country most PLA commanders adopted the kind of "hands-off" policy towards the Red Guards and rebels which had been enjoined upon them by Peking, even when their own units were attacked by young revolutionaries in search of weapons. When the PLA intervened in response to Mao's instructions to "support the left," it usually did so in small groups and by argument, rather than by force of arms.

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Again it must be stressed that there were exceptions; and it also seems likely that in many cases the local PLA authorities tended to support the less revolutionary of the contending Red Guard groups (although there is no reason why one should expect the army to have supported the ultra-revolutionary groups instead). Generally speaking, however, one may agree with the assessment of Chiang Ching (Mao's wife), who once asked, "Is there such an army in any other part of the world? Everywhere we seized their guns, beat them up, and scolded them. But they did not answer back, nor did they argue . . . . Our field armies are good, and so are the local armies." Mao himself has spoken with cheerful contempt of the Soviet claim that China has now become a military and bureaucratic dictatorship: "When they spot many military men listed on our rosters, they say that the dictatorship is 'military.' Let them say what they like!"

One still may have a twinge of doubt about all those high-ranking military officers, some of whose faces seem well larded with the fat of good living, who appear on the rostrum near Mao at the mass demonstrations in T'ien an Men Square. There is a certain monotony too about the way in which most provincial Revolutionary Committees are headed up by a military man. As the provincial Party Committees (in abeyance during the Cultural Revolution) are reconstituted, as they have been since the autumn of 1970, the same PLA names appear on their lists. It also is relevant to note that the armed forces is the only sector of Chinese society where the Cultural Revolution was not carried out. All military units except for the PLA's teaching academies and colleges were specifically exempted from the process of "struggle, criticism and transformation." Those Red Guard units who called for the "dragging-out of a handful of capitalist-roaders in the army" were branded as ultra-leftists or as counter-revolutionaries in disguise. Officially the PLA had no need of a Cultural Revolution, since its political standards and its loyalty to the Thought of Mao Tse-tung were already on a much higher level than that of the Party bureaucracy.

WHETHER MAO'S CONFIDENCE IN HIS army is justified will ultimately depend on the real effectiveness of its years of political education and of practicing the "mass line." I personally did not find it hard to be convinced that this is an entirely new kind of army, at least at the level of rank and file.

At the 196th Divisional headquarters, they produced 80 percent of their own rice, and, from the size of the vegetable gardens and piggeries, I could believe the claim that they were entirely self-sufficient in meat and vegetables. In the nearby fields, we witnessed a setpiece display of soldiers from the division helping out the peasants from the local commune, and divisional commander Chang Sheng-kuei, a burly veteran of the civil war, picked up his hoe to do his share. This particular scene may have been stage-managed, but again and again I witnessed scenes of passing soldiers at work in the fields, or in vegetable gardens in the city suburbs, giving credibility to the old revolutionary tradition of "a gun in one hand and a hoe in the other."

To the average Chinese, I was told by one mother, the PLA soldier is the man with whom one can safely leave one's children in a public place, or ask to keep an eye on one's luggage in the train. This too may sound a trifle contrived, but I can only report that in the sort of everyday life that the foreign visitor observes there was no trace of an oppressive military presence. The uniform itself is evident enough and, because the PLA does not allow its soldiers to appear in public in civilian clothes, it is seen with sufficient frequency to justify the China-Watching belief that the PLA is "everywhere." But the political overtones of this assertion remain unproven.

[POSTSCRIPT]

REVOLUTIONARY CHINA, and in particular the Cultural Revolution, has addressed itself not only to the quality of peoples' ideology, but to their physical and social lives as well. Chinese shops are well stocked with basic consumer goods, and there is a greater variety than before the Cultural Revolution. Food is in good supply, though meat is a little expensive. The grain ration seems quite adequate at 30 pounds or so a month for the non-manual worker. The cotton ration is tighter, but there are enough spare coupons for buying fancy clothes for the younger children.

There were no beggars either in Shanghai or in the other cities I visited, though I did see an old peddler in Sian who was selling ear-scratchers made of bone. There is a poster campaign against infant ailments, but I only saw one child with impetigo among thousands, none with rickets or the other ghastly diseases which spell malnutrition in every other "Third World" country I've visited.

Formal entertainment is limited at the moment to a handful of approved "revolutionary" operas and ballets (though some regional variations are allowed), and local song-and-dance troupes which have a wider, but still highly politicized, repertoire. I expect that the variety will grow in time, just as the museums are beginning to reopen, and books other than the works of Mao are being published. Of course the municipal parks are always open; there you can see old men doing shadow-boxing and young men practicing more conventional forms of morning exercise. The sports stadiums are full—it is, incidentally, the convention to applaud the losing side. And there is a stunning show of traditional acrobatics in Shanghai.

What else should I say? That housing is cramped but cheap, that public transport in the cities is uniformly excellent, that kindergartens where working mothers can leave their children are found almost everywhere? Or else that things cannot be quite so bright behind the scenes, witness the current campaign which one sees on the wall-posters against "theft, speculation and waste"?

Life, in short, is not too bad at all in post-Cultural Revolution China, though it might yet be better. This in itself is enough to make China—by comparison with the rest of the developing world—the big story of the postwar decades.

What Mao and his colleagues are trying to do—to give an entire nation of seven hundred million a uniquely socialist "world outlook"—must make China the story of the century.

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Jesus Now: Hogwash and Holy Water

SWEPT ALONG IN THE SQUALL of *Peace on Right Now You-Name-It Against The War* placards at the Spring Offensive in San Francisco waved a flimsy blue poster with drippy red lettering that read *Jesus: A Bridge Over Troubled Waters.* The bearer wasn't a collared cleric or a Youth Fellowshipper chalking up merit points for heaven, but a scroungy, ponchoed, bell-bottomed veteran of the streets. Anyone at all familiar with what is happening in California simply nodded a recognition—ah, a Jesus freak—accepted his tract and plowed on to the polo field. A few stopped and stared, obviously shaken to their Sunday School roots by the very idea of freak evangelism, a fairly new breed in the hip-liberation menagerie. But there he was, marching right-on along with the red armbands, the lavender headbands, the brown berets, the black berets, the inverted flags, the hardstepping women, the saffron robes and the green earth insignias. And this barefoot boy with his flimsy blue bridge-over-troubled-waters certainly did not seem to have come at the wrong time or to the wrong place with whatever message he had to give America in the Seventies.

The message of Jesus-freaks, in case you haven't been able to skim their tracts or sit still through their spiel, is simply down-home, Jesus-is-the-way, evangelical fundamentalism delivered with flower-child innocence and visionary fervor. The movement is incredibly broad-based. There are over 200 Jesus communes in California alone, a Jesus headquarters coffeehouse or headshop in every

by James Nolan

Photograph by Elihu Blotnick/BBM

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major city in the country, and missionary troops in motion everywhere, converting, founding, funding and then moving on. The large wall map at the Christian World Liberation Front in Berkeley is studded with pinheads marking the places where the movement has taken root, giving you the same they're-really-out-there feeling of a Howard Johnson's placemat map. Despite the bare feet and patches, it really is big time stuff, concentrated mostly along the West Coast in Vancouver, Seattle, the Bay Area and Los Angeles, with another contingent distributed throughout the South. Most Jesus communes publish amateurish underground newspapers and bear names like the folksy Children of God Soul Clinic, the obscure Koinonia Community, and the clever House of the Risen Son.

American blow-your-mind, zappo-revolutionary kids are literally flocking into these fundamentalist conversion parlors and coming out with handfuls of psychedelic-looking tracts, a "Biblical" set of morals and big Billy James Hargis friend-do-you-know-the-Lord grins. The Jesus houses offer a place to crash indefinitely, free food and free medical care, a toothbrush and comb, enough to do and more than enough to believe in; and there's usually a Mother or Daddy figure who, despite the preaching and soul-saving, really seems to care, and won't make you cut your hair. All in all, it's an unbeatable combination if you're 18 years old, a runaway from some cowtown Paducah or plastic Executive Oaks, used to dropping acid by the six-pack, alone and penniless in the ghetto-zoo, fucked-up and fucked-over, testing around for some ultimate reality trip, with nothing to do and no place in particular to do it.

The Jesus trip is particularly attractive to children brought up in staunchly religious homes (there are many former Catholics and Baptists) or to kids reared on suburban textbook agnosticism, the ones who are lost even before they've found anything to be lost from. Most of the converted are between 14 and 20, and they possess an amazingly glowing energy and commitment, all shining as though they've just washed their hair. Maybe the Jesus movement is only a later version of Love-Generation-Haight-Ashbury optimism, the flowers-and-transcendence stage of growing up American, that will eventually turn the same worn path to skepticism and militancy when they reach 23.

BUT IT CAN'T BE THIS ALONE. There is a great difference between an imported novelty fetish like, say, Hare Krishna—which is essentially hip faddism in search of faith, a turn-on that soon burns itself out into a religion of Indian-print bedspreads and incense, and deeply ingrained, evangelical Christianity—upon which, they tell us, this Nation of Ours was founded and the West was Won. They are partially right, of course. And, even if Jesus was not in cahoots with Christopher Columbus and Kit Carson, Bible Belt Christianity is not simply another American fad—it runs too deep in too many people. Like that trout-fishing cabin in Utah, it is at least what part of America is all about. Whether the new masses of Jesus-freaks are only visiting or whether they plan to stay, they are pitching their tents very close to one of the main arteries of the American heart.

Jesus-freaks have introduced only a few real variations to Bible-pounding, tent-revival, fundamentalist Christianity, among them street language (Jesus is no longer Lord and Savior but Leader and Liberator) and the communal lifestyle. But over-arching all else is a passionate belief that the world will end within their lifetime while Jesus returns to rapture them off to a very literal heaven with streets of gold and angels twanging on electric-amp harps, the thought of which clouds their eyes and leaves them murmuring "fa-a-ar out."

Fundamentalists are a tricky lot. Between the ages of 6 and 12 I probably gave my life to Christ about two or three hundred times in the fundamentalist church in New Orleans that I was combed and bow-tied off to every Sunday morning. *Are you washed in the blood of the lamb? Do you recognize yourself as a miserable sinner wretched in God's sight? Are you ready to get down on your knees and accept Jesus into your heart as your own personal savior? All those ready to make a decision for Christ, just step on up to the front of the church and praise* deedum deedum deedee. Sunday morning was bringing in the sheaves (and usually the same old ones), followed by the Sunday evening Saved for Christ Scoreboard, followed by Bible study with Dixie cups of punch and cookies, everyone feverishly fanning himself in the sultry New Orleans night with picture fans of Jesus-in-the-Garden-of-Gethsemane supplied by a local mortuary. It was a hell of a way to grow up, I suppose, but I eventually felt secure enough in my solid-rock salvation to sneak off to the drugstore from Bible study to read *Playboy,* though not without the puffy red face of the preacher following me in my mind, exhorting me to give my life to Christ again.

The fundamentalist works on an appeal to guilt, which suburban drop-outs are particularly full of, on a thundering fear of hell and a candy-sweet promise of heaven, on a complete negation of any other possible means to happiness, and on a repetition of phrases so unrelenting as to make a Madison Avenue advertiser stutter. You either give in or walk out. His pitch is an express train with only one stop: your salvation. All questions are answered by vague and enigmatic Bible quotations followed by chapter and verse number so that you cannot *possibly* doubt their truth, and key simplicities are underlined in verbal red. If you protest even the slightest, you are told that Satan has planted his seed in your brain, a notion with disturbing implications to be sure, and, if you protest too much, you are told that you are possessed of a demon from which only the blood of Jesus Christ can deliver you. Then it starts all over again, back to original sin and the goddamned Garden of Eden. In the end, if you become a passive enough listener, you are rewarded with a paperback Bible, the converter tape-loop is shut-off, pleasantries are exchanged about automobiles or summer vacations, and you can leave, promising to read the Bible and "look over" the tract.

I O.D.'D ON PEANUT BUTTER WHEN I was 10 and fundamentalism when I was 12 and haven't been able to stand the taste of either since. Every time I hear the familiar strains of one of those mournful old hymns, I gag on years of undigested punch and cookies. I can make no pretense about my feelings about fundamentalist

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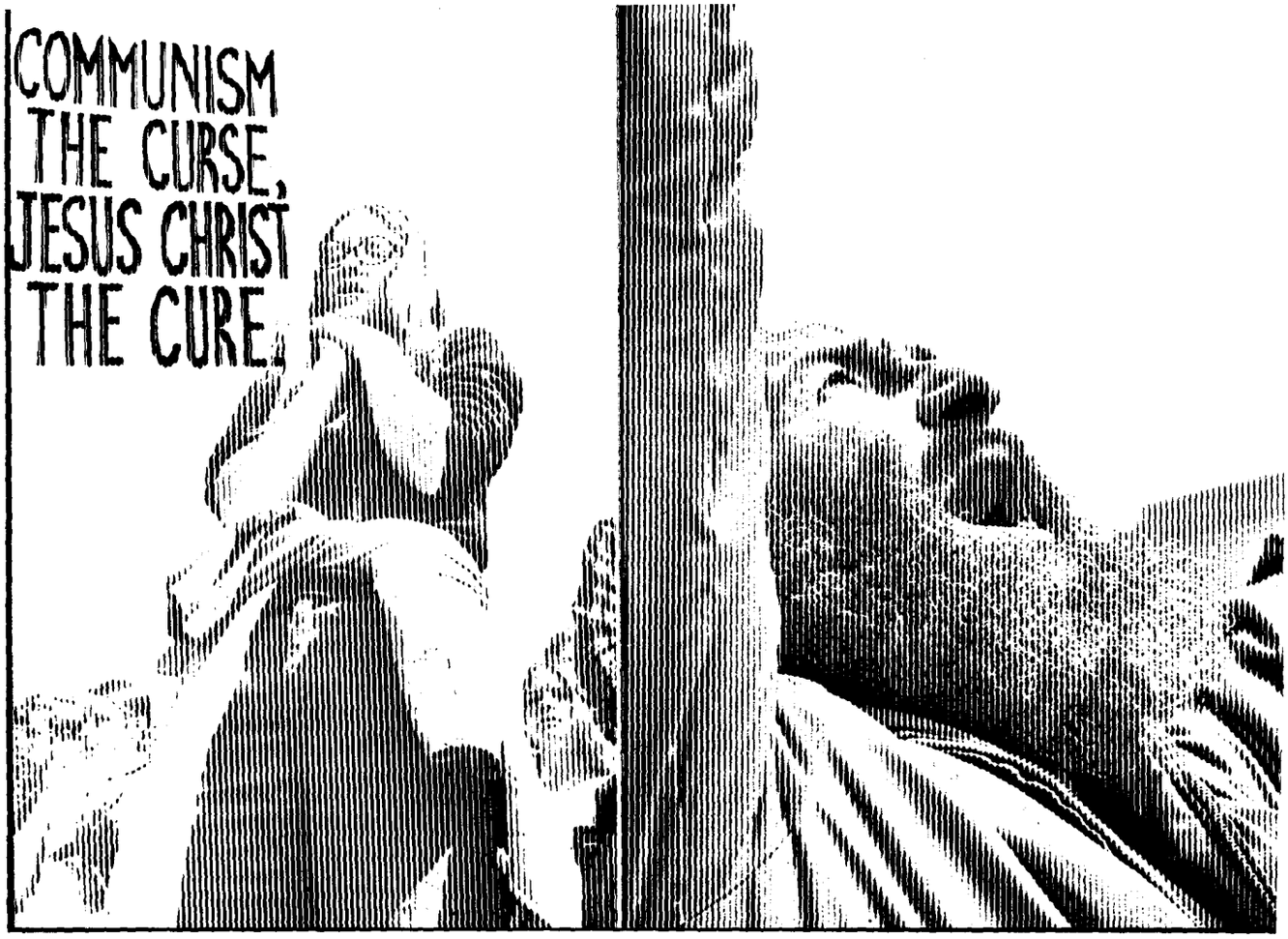

theology, fundamentalist evangelism and the whole fundamentalist fandango of faith-healing, Bible-beating and tent-shouting: it's hogwash. It is a political opiate and a psychological crutch. Fundamentalism is truly the wading pool of religious faith, reserved for the fearful, the guilt-ridden and the childish, for those unprepared to dive, to make their faith leap into a political reality or mystical depth.

In America, fundamentalism has always been associated with the forces of political reaction, with the blathering God-on-our-side cross and flag confusers, and, even worse, with the phony racketeers of religious ecstacy, the Elmer Gantrys of *Miracle* magazine or the Oral Roberts variety who feed on the hopelessness of uneducated minorities who cough up ten dollars a month or more so that some sleazy preacher with a slick-backed pompadour and sequin jacket will pray over miniature healing aprons to cure them of their vitamin deficiencies and other ghetto diseases, all of which is nothing less than a kind of lower-class voodoo. Most peculiar about Jesus-freaks is the combined tradition of middle-class hypocrisy and lower-class viciousness out of which they bloom, with their flowers and smiles and God-bless-you's. The sources and purveyors of this tradition were the first to prey upon this open-armed innocence, with the greasy *Miracle* magazine and the staid *Christianity Today* being among the first to report the Jesus Movement.

Fundamentalist theologian Carl F. H. Henry writes in *Christianity Today* that Jesus-freaks have "succeeded in redirecting the revolutionary enthusiasm of not a few converts into recreative channels and toward durable Christian goals." Few young Jesus-freaks understand the perspective in which their leaders and elders see them: they just want to stand in white robes on mountain tops and wait for the light show of the Second Coming. They do not see themselves as long-haired chalk-ups on the large conversion scoreboard, as part of a power-game whose rules, goals and techniques have not changed one bit in the last hundred years or more. After all, they are told, we are not of this world.

Reverend Blessit of "His Place" on Sunset Strip in Los Angeles is a particularly flashy example of this Campus Crusade for Christ mentality, boutiqued over with pasteboard psychedelic finish and restocked on the shelves as the Real Thing for the Youth Market, the Uncola of religious persuasion, bearing about as close a resemblance to anything revolutionary as those cleverly advertised, insipid little cheese-nothings, Screaming Yellow Zonkers, had to the nutrition revolution.

This plasticine selling-of-the-revolution is operating on all levels now, and is particularly aimed at media-impressionable teeny- and micro-boppers. And it should be no surprise that the evangelism industry—which has used everything from Motown to motel-drawers in the past to push its product—should shift into the third-gear of its get-with-it campaign and begin strutting its stuff with a hippie-drug-cult border around it. Reverend Blessit, duded up in bell-bottoms and his "hippie vest," does the rock-festival circuit, bringing in the sheaves by sowing psychedelic brochures, sandwiches with tracts tucked inside, and frothing around on stage with such big-name Decisions for Christ

Photographs by Gary Freedman/BBM

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as the manager of the Chambers Brothers. The marriage of Pop myths and evangelism is almost as perfect a union as the one between Hollywood and establishment politics, both based on the manipulation of empty media myths to extort either souls or votes from the star-struck masses.

Even Pat Boone, who was last seen posing for the covers of Pony Tail autograph albums, has white-bucked it back on the scene, and now peppers his ever-wholesome sermonettes with hip argot as he conducts mass baptisms in his Beverly Hills swimming pool, walking with floppy flipper feet and chlorinated eyes down the paths of righteousness.

SITTING AROUND THE NICELY table-clothed, properly-set dinner table at Harvest House "commune" in San Francisco, brought an incredible psychological flashback to my punch-and-cookie years in Youth Fellowship. The feeling was amazingly the same, a sort of strained institutional good humor. Pass the biscuits and praise the Lord. Talking with the soft-spoken, Alabama-bred Oliver Heath, an ordained minister of the Southern Baptist Church and graduate of the Golden Gate Theological Seminary in Marin County, a fundamentalist school which is the seedbed of the Jesus movement in northern California, while his Louisiana-bred wife, Mary Louise, padded about in fluffy pink bedroom slippers and curlers serving up cornbread and potluck, it really felt like a corner of Kansas pocketed by comic mistakes in the teeming heavy freak scene of Haight-Ashbury.

A shaggy young hippie-type in a corner was for some reason knotted into a red tie and starched white collar with an ill-fitting grey sport-coat, and kept giving me that strangled home-for-the-holidays look which I remember only too well. He looked as though he were trying to win the keys to the family car for the night by painfully self-conscious good behavior. Oliver kept interrupting our discussion of original sin and repentance to deliver stern reprimands to various scruffies: "Eric, you know you're not allowed to smoke in here, put that cigarette out!" and "Dennis, don't you have a comb!" Eric, the communal scapegoat, at 17 is so disoriented by his 100 or more acid trips that he would bring back groceries to the wrong apartment door, and therefore, the others explained, could not be trusted, so everyone prayed constantly for his soul to be purged of its demons. And Dennis was having Satan's seed planted in his brain by such Little Rascals' naughties as not coming home right after school but sneaking off to some suspicious Haight hash house, where he brushed shoulders with the devil's crowd, all fanged and horned and high on the Killer Weed.

At Harvest House there was much talk of the Enemy, who was on guard at all times, waiting for any opportunity to slither into their midst like some green gaseous malevolence sent from below. A young girl named Rose Marie, who seemed to become upset often, pleaded to the others that she needed to be left alone when she was disturbed, but the others insisted that such was the easiest time for Satan to stick a lie into her head. *The devil gonna git your soul, honey*. Huddling like a small child in a large, overstuffed armchair, Rose Marie seemed close to freaking out.

Like a camp shower room, all the towels in the bathroom were pegged and labeled *Mary, Johnny, Sue* and so forth; and for some reason that simpy Sunday School picture of Jesus-in-the-Garden-of-Gethsemane was iconed over the toothbrush rack, probably to remind early morning brushers of their oft-bannered slogan: *after Jesus, everything else is toothpaste*. The orderly atmosphere, I was informed, was enforced in order to keep the "children" together—but not too together, for according to the strict precepts of Biblical morality (no screwing without a license), the boys and girls are carefully chaperoned and sleep in segregated quarters because "too much friction between the sexes tends to distract from the Lord's work."

THE LORD'S WORK AT HARVEST HOUSE consists of putting out a Jesus newspaper called the *Oracle* (which is an almost campy, religious, calendar-art revival of the old Haight-Ashbury *Oracle*), running a free store, printing tracts, helping to manage three adjoining communes in the city, and evangelizing in the streets. After Bible study at a local church that evening, the commune regathered for a sort of community encounter with each other. One wide-eyed young man confessed that, when he thought of all the things he had done wrong that very day, it was like going up and hitting God right in the mouth, WHAMMM. A very pregnant girl offered that, since she had become a Christian, she couldn't associate with her friends—they are "so steeped in sin," as she had been. Oliver told the group: "If you think

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I'm a phony, if you think I'm dishonest, if you think I'm not like Jesus, tell me now." Everyone beamed. A 17 year old volunteered that he now felt closer to his parents (since he accepted Jesus) than ever before, and that his father had taught him not to lie and, even after all the acid and all the meth, that still made sense.

Spontaneous eruptions of conscience continued for about an hour, moving around the room like some T-group rendition of the White Tornado. My heart sank. Here it all was—the entire American mythology of growing up, freaking out, and running away; the well-powdered, Bible-preaching forces of Aunt Em, Aunt Sally, Miss Crabtree, confronting the primitive scraggly-haired, dirty faces of the perverse, freedom-loving Dorothy, Huck Finn and Our Gang; and Aunt Sally was winning. Dorothy had finally made it back to hug her Aunt Em and gasp about the bad dreams she had just tripped through. The high school drop-outs in the room were all going back to school, the rest were getting jobs and re-establishing contact with their parents or going home. Intuitively I realized what the Jesus trip really meant to a lot of these kids; it is a way of getting back to Kansas from the tortured and confusing psychedelic world of surreal low-life munchkins, witches and wizards, back to the comfort and reassurance of your own backyard. Back from the drop-a-tab, crash-pad spirituality of cross-country hitching, of protesting and confronting, of open-ended grooving that somehow always ended with the needle, getting busted, having your head swagger-sticked open, or getting pregnant. I didn't, I couldn't, have any more questions of these people.

I still think Aunt Sally with her comb and her toothbrush and her Bible is a stifling bitch, but I know those dead-ends that the river can lead to, and that sometimes you have to try to get back to where you once belonged. This, Oliver explained to me, is the function of Harvest House and others like it: it is a hospital, a half-way house back to stability and wholeness through, he added, Jesus Christ. There is a time to argue theology, and I think his is wrong. There is a time to argue politics, and I think, whether he knows it or not, his are reactionary. There is a time to argue the revolution, and the Jesus-movement is definitely *not* where it's happening. But there is also a time to shut up and let people heal. And this, if Harvest House can accomplish it, may be worth all the rest.

THE JESUS MOVEMENT'S RECOGNITION of, and struggle with, the literal presence of the Satanic forces of darkness is a phenomenon precedented in America only by Cotton Mather's persecution of his neighbors as witches in Salem over two hundred and fifty years ago. Mather's account of the witch epidemic, *Wonders of the Invisible World,* a book which has puzzled and fascinated history and theology students for centuries, would make complete sense to these people. That's how freaked-out certain elements in the movement *really* are. Ecstatic religious practices, such as speaking in tongues (*glossolalia,* rolling on the floor, and raising arms heavenward and shouting, are common in the movement—although many prefer to sit with their legs crossed and study the Bible.

The Pentecostals, who speak in tongues and writhe about, have been making quite an impact lately not only in Protestant circles but also in Catholicism, but most Jesus people feel as estranged from the established Pentecostal churches as they do from their icier Methodist brethren. Margaret Ravick, the remarkable Big Mama of the Koinonia Community in Santa Cruz, says that when she listened to her first tape of Pentecostals she accidentally played the thing backwards, and for at least two weeks that is what she thought it sounded like to speak in tongues. Speaking in tongues is simply the gibberish, or angelic secret language, that descends on certain individuals in ecstatic fits of spiritual communication. Although they feel that psychedelics are the instruments of Satan, it certainly seems that their widespread use has been the very thing which has turned most Jesus people on to the realities of the spiritual realm. For the ecstatics, acid is almost a conversion prerequisite. The kids have the visions and blow out; and the evangelists put them together again by explaining what their visions mean—structuring, out of a nightmarish morass of tripping, a Biblical value system of significances, interpretations and codes, functioning as a poor man's Jung to the overloaded and chaotically explored psyches of acid-heads.

Identifying itself with the armies of God, Koinonia Community is currently waging war with the Satanist churches in Santa Cruz, which they say are everywhere. Recently it exorcised, in the name of Jesus Christ, a particular accident-ridden location on the main highway after discovering that a coven of witches and warlocks lives only a few yards away. Koinonia claims that the Satanist churches are becoming tightly organized, cutting their hair and mustering their energies for the final knock-down, drag-out battle with God. A crew-cut, collared priest was recently turned away from their doors because Michael, who possesses the gift of discerning evil spirits because he was once occupied by one, detected him to be a spy of Satan. The community later linked the priest to a large Satanist church in the area.

According to this particular band of Jesus people (who assert that they were there before the plastic Jesus-freak movement started and will be there when it is over), the occult is the devil's map of the spiritual world, and the Bible of course is God's map. They believe that the real battle being waged in California is not between reactionary Reaganism and the people, or between pollution and ecology, but between the forces of God, and those of Satan; and this is one of the first battles of the Apocalypse, or the final separation of light from darkness. The state not being big enough for both of them, perhaps they'll swagger out the swinging saloon door all holstered up for a showdown, shoot-it-out, mini-Armageddon, with black cloaks flying and brandished crosses gleaming in some wildly surrealistic alcove on the dramatically appropriate California coastline.

EXAMINED CLOSELY, THE JESUS MOVEMENT really separates into three distinct directions: the ecstatics, who live in relative seclusion; the do-good evangelists, who run the Jesus crashpads; and the quasi-politicos, who bait left-wing causes and occasionally

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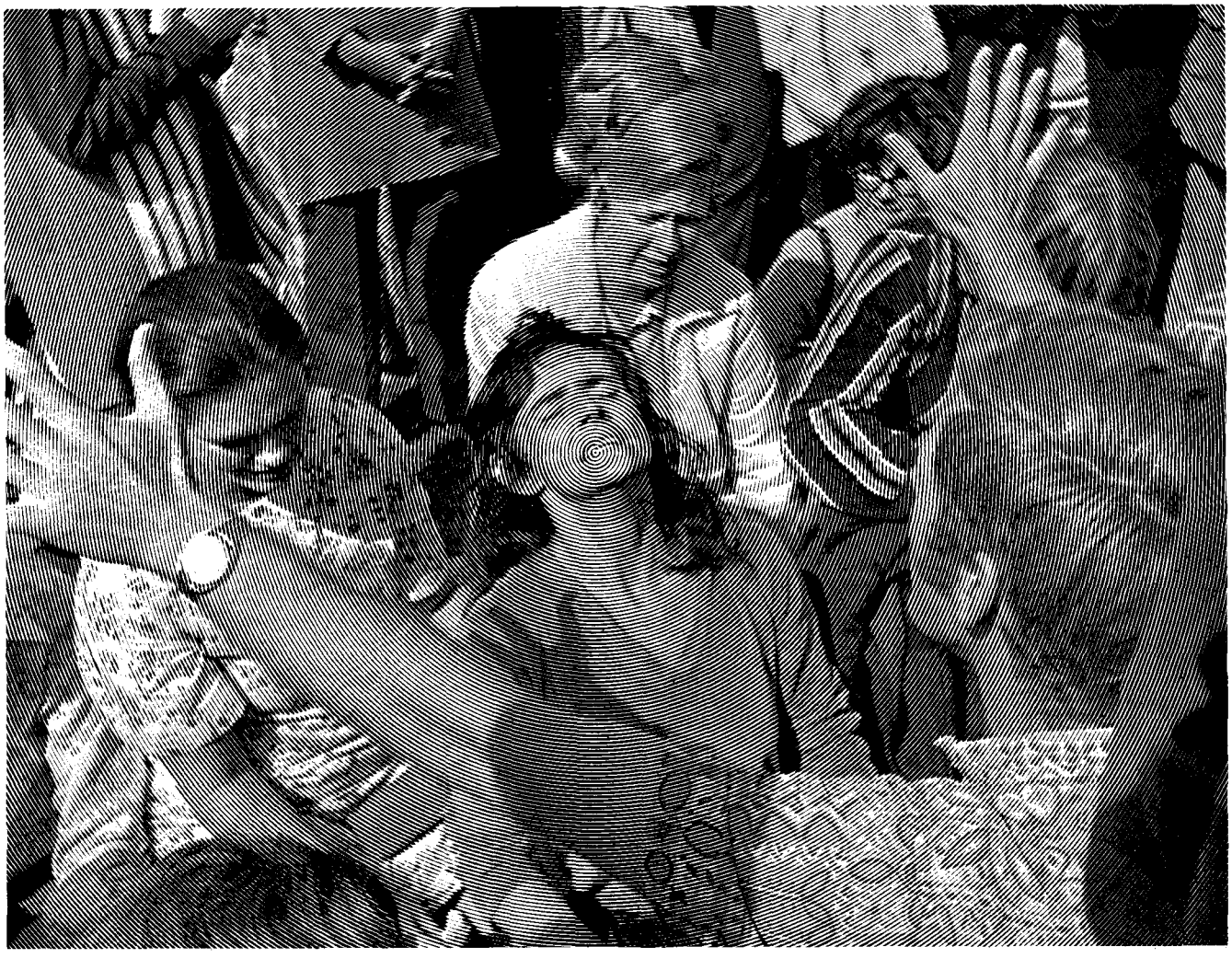

disrupt radical rallies and congregations, while insisting they are apolitical. "Everyone says we're something we're not," protests Jeanette, a worker at the Christian World Liberation Front in Berkeley. "The right-wing says we're a bunch of long-haired communists and the left-wing says we're reactionaries."

Because the Jesus movement does claim apoliticism, it has attracted numerous disillusioned campus radicals and street revolutionaries who now argue that nothing can be accomplished on *that level.* "I don't believe in the peace movement," said a young Jesus-freak handing me a tract at the spring offensive, "but I believe in Jesus who can bring peace." Jeanette, who was, strangely enough, turned on to drugs by fellow workers at the Campus Crusade for Christ in southern California and did not repent until her third dope bust, feels that Jesus is a non-political answer. But the CWLF newspaper, *Right On,* and the reams of tracts which CWLF prints and distributes are nothing but half-baked and awkward attempts at political relevancy, written from a perspective which dissolves every issue into the world cynicism and downright doomsday-preaching of the fundamentalist salvation formula.

In an age of choose-your-apocalypse—ecological, political thermonuclear, social, famine, over-population, natural disaster (experts say it's *all* about to happen) this doomsday-preaching has an infantile appeal. It is the chief drawing card of the hippie-evangelist as he whips out his Book of Revelation and rattles through a cookbook account of how it all will come to pass. "I'll be so disappointed if the world doesn't end soon," one Jesus person told me with a look of gleeful death-obsession on his face. The end is so near, one tract advises, that there is no point even in getting married—stay celibate until Armageddon and save it all up for the Second Coming.

THE JESUS MOVEMENT MUST NOT be confused with the left-wing underground church, which preaches the full exercise of the Christian social conscience against the war and against oppression of any kind, which affirms the celebration of life on earth, not the other-worldly negation of it. The Free Church in Berkeley and Glide Memorial in San Francisco, two Bay Area underground churches, have been at constant odds with the Jesus people. One Sunday last autumn the Jesus freaks stormed Glide with posters announcing: "This Congregation Uses Jesus but Does not Honor Him as Lord" and pushed tracts titled, "Glide into Hell." The week before, a band of Jesus people made up of members of the CWLF, the Jesus Mobilization Committee of Marin, and other Bay Area communes, started such a row at the West Coast SDS conference that they were bodily removed from the gathering.

Photograph by Gary Freedman/BBM

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Whenever the members of the God Squad *do* express a political sentiment, in some evangelical attempt at relevancy, it is consistently reactionary. The CWLF's attitude toward Women's Liberation is, according to *Right On,* that "the real power of a woman is in loving a man. Let Jesus free you from yourself and free you to love a man. When you love a man, you will know what it is to be a woman. And you will see how only God can liberate women." As far as Gay Liberation is concerned, they simply feel that it is an "awful thing to do." And they do not allow homosexual couples to spend the night on their premises.

Despite the see-through veil of apoliticism and despite hard-sell pseudo-militancy, the Jesus movement is rife for a takeover by right-wing sugar-daddies. Already they control a small part of it. The Jesus newspaper, *For Real,* published in Buena Park, California, by the Living Issues Foundation, is "a dedicated effort to counteract the evil influences on campuses today by radical and anti-God elements. . . . *For Real* takes aim at that large fringe element who are being influenced by what the agitators are saying." Sandwiched between the turn-on-with-Jesus spreads, the Jesus-rock advertisements, and the pseudo-relevant articles on Leary and Women's Lib, *For Real* contains pro-militaristic, anti-welfare, capitalist harangues.

As to the financial source of all these free newspapers, free pass-outs, free food and lodging, the Jesus people respond with big lilies-of-the-field smiles: the Lord Provideth. And the Lord worketh in some pretty mysterious ways, they'll say, reeling out stories of $10 bills wrapped in toilet paper sent in the mail every month, commune members' back paychecks arriving miraculously on rent day as the landlord menacingly twirls his moustache, $50 for car payments sent from churches back home in Alabama. Despite their patches-and-leftovers life style, Jesus people usually have an impressive business set-up. One example is Harvest House which, together with Zion's Inn, a Jesus commune in nearby Marin County, have formed the Solid Rock Construction Company, which does housepainting. Most of the communes have prospered because of a Calvinist dedication to hard work and self-improvement, making carpenters, printers and soup-makers of the aimless kids who stumble in. The kids seem to enjoy the work, bustling about with sacks of flour and bundles of paper with a door-to-door-for-McCarthy cheerfulness. After all, with no dope or sex or Zap Comix or TV, what else is there to do?

SUDDENLY, JESUS IS EVERYWHERE. Jesus buttons, Jesus sweatshirts, Honk-if-you-love-Jesus bumper-stickers, Jesus day-glo posters, Jesus on the cover of the *Whole Earth Supplement,* Jesus comics, the Jesus look, *Jesus Christ, Superstar,* Jesus rock.

Jesus is even more popular than John Lennon. Put your hand in the hand of the man from Galilee, how I changed from Krishna to Christ, how I lost 300 lbs. and saved my marriage with Jesus. Somehow fundamentalist evangelism has caught up with mass media and is plastering stickers, converting rock stars and plugging in amps all over the place.

As people lose their grip on the revolution, they seem to be grasping for absolutes. In the heavily moralistic South, the Jesus line seems appropriate—else no one would listen. But in the super-relativistic do-your-own-thing, mobile California scene, it is jarring. Yet it is perhaps this absolutism which attracts the blown-out 17 year old who simply has nothing to do. High school has not prepared him for anything creative or constructive; it has only driven him to drop acid three times a week. Once that's done, it is impossible to be processed through the mind-cannery of a large university for very long. Nor can he go back home to the carport and a bag-boy job in the supermarket. With neither answers nor alternatives, with the visionary acid world of angels and demons his only certainty, the fast-talking, self-confident preacher steps in and puts his big Biblical foot down, taps it in a few familiar rhythms, stamps it in the fervor of his belief and everything falls into place.

The real issue at stake here is that drug-blown, pop-freaked, ego-defenseless kids, who in their innocence, openness and idealism are truly beautiful, can easily become the victims of a desperate evangelism of any kind—that, just as a handful of Hell's Angels can stomp in and take over a pop festival, a small collection of bell-bottomed Baptists and, at worst, Elmer Gantrys, can begin to redirect whole generations into their scripture-lined tents. It is the same with the Scientologists, the chanters, the T-groupies, the occultists and certain of the liberationist bandwagons.

The preacher does not offer a choice between a confusing array of life styles and locations, but rather a choice between eternal salvation and eternal damnation—which isn't a choice at all. Whether the content of his message is hogwash or holy water doesn't make too much difference. Whether these evangelistic Christians are, as Nietzsche accused, predatory birds who swoop down on weak life in distress or, in a more charitable view, fanatical do-gooders with an overly developed, paternal sense, makes little difference. The fact is, these people, and the leaders of other mass movements like them, are bringing freaked-out kids down and placing them in a community situation where roles are assigned and talents encouraged.

Mything-out on Jesus, though, is not too different from spacing-out on drugs; and once Jesus has brought them down from drugs, what's going to bring them down from Jesus? This kind of ultimate-trip carousel will continue to spin as long as, America being what it is now, there is nothing to come down to. So finally, a message to Jesus-boppers: If your apocalypse does not happen on schedule, and if and when you are lemming off in some new direction, realizing the torment and difficulty of true sainthood and that salvation is not just a shot of anything away, spare us one vision: a littered, trampled post-festival shambles with Jesus Christ, a blown-out superstar, back where he started, unplugging the amps and picking up the empty dixie punch cups and sweeping up the cookie crumbs scattered by the marauding packs of crowded, lonely people: no one was saved.

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Move Over Mayor Daley: Here comes Frank Rizzo

IT WAS MAY 18, 1971, IN PHILADELPHIA and the huge man with the slicked-down hair and the wide smile was addressing a television camera and talking about his victory in the Democratic mayoralty primary race. The candidate, the former police commissioner of Philadelphia who had resigned in February to seek the Mayor's chair, was Frank Rizzo, the man who had used the media to build so powerful an image that now, when he was seeking the highest post in the nation's fourth largest city, he literally did not have to wage a campaign. He spoke with the media only in tightly controlled situations; his campaign appearances were limited only to favorable audiences in friendly neighborhoods; he granted interviews only to "friendly" writers and commentators; he refused to address the city council on financial matters; and he refused all debates and joint appearances with the other three candidates. What Frank Rizzo did, was tell the faithful about the civics books and how he had learned at a very early age that "Only in America" could a man without a high school or college degree or a personal fortune become the Mayor of a city like Philadelphia.

To appreciate the irony of that moment and of the Democratic primary in Philadelphia, one need only reach back a few years in Philadelphia history when Rizzo was constructing his image by staging heavily publicized raids on center coffeehouses, by running longhairs out of Rittenhouse Square, by trying to close down the local rock hall, the Electric Factory, by boasting about his file of 1800 subversives, by detailing "revolutionary" plots aimed at him, the city and the country, flamboyant plots which local reporters loved but which mysteriously never seemed to produce any convictions once the cases reached court.

Shortly after Rizzo's resignation as Police Commissioner, two officers were murdered within a five-hour period on a Saturday night and early Sunday morning. The new commissioner, Joseph O'Neill, a tough, silent type, conducted the search for the killers in an unemotional, professional manner. Tom Fox, a columnist for the *Philadelphia Daily News,* and one of the major architects of the Rizzo image (Fox being a gifted writer), walked into O'Neill's office to discuss progress in the case.

"A helluva way to break in a commissioner," Fox said.

O'Neill stared blankly at Fox.

Fox, lunging for an angle, laughed somewhat nervously, then said, "You're a lot different than Rizzo. . . . If Rizzo were here, he'd be storming around . . . ranting and raving."

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Indeed he *would* have, leaving a trail of quotes and half-charges hanging in the air for the ever-present mob of reporters, who would dutifully trot back to typewriter or television studio, carrying Rizzo's double-negatives (an "earthy man," they called him) and deep voice into the row-homes of the working-class neighborhoods and the neat semi-suburbs of the city's residential Northeast section. It was there and in the middle-class Irish and working-class Italian neighborhoods of Kensington and South Philadelphia that Rizzo's strength was so great.

IT WAS TO BE EXPECTED. There was—as the Democratic City Chairman, Peter Camiel, so casually said on election night—only one major issue in the mayoralty race. And Frank Rizzo didn't have to say a word about it, because the issue was law-and-order. In Philadelphia this has a very simple definition—it means no riots from the black and Spanish-speaking residents; it means containing problems of minority residents; it means keeping the blacks and browns out of white neighborhoods; and it means stifling any individuality or dissent from longhairs, militants and activists.

Camiel said that Rizzo represented the "father image" to the people from the neighborhoods, that he gave them a sense of security, that at this time in the city's history (in the country's too) with so much change, so much turmoil, Frank Rizzo would somehow keep things safe and simple. Ignored by Camiel and Mayor James Tate, also a Rizzo follower, and the powerful Democratic machine was the fact that violent crime in Philadelphia was triple that of the urban rate (up 19 percent) between 1969 and 1970, that drug traffic in the city was desperate, and that the police department had recently released statistics showing that crime was overwhelmingly committed by black upon black. Between January 1, 1969, and June 30, 1970, 77 percent of the murder victims were black or of Spanish-speaking descent. Blacks and Puerto Ricans committed 82 percent of the murders. During the same period 89 percent of the rape victims were either black or Puerto Rican, as were 69 percent of the victims of aggravated assault and battery.

Frank Rizzo really solidified his strength in Philadelphia and took over the bogus law-and-order issue during two tense weeks last summer at the end of August when the city was preparing for the Revolutionary People's Congress which the local press so graciously translated into the "Black Panther Convention." A week before the congress was to convene, a police sergeant was shot and killed in an isolated guard house in the remote Cobbs Creek section of the city. The next night, a Sunday, two police officers were wounded in another shooting incident. As the tension became stifling, Rizzo was suddenly all over the papers and television screen talking of "revolutionary" plots to assassinate policemen. Later, of course, it would be seen that there was no connection between the first shooting on Saturday evening and the second on Sunday. But for a while, Rizzo was able to make the fear of a "plot" real and in Philadelphia, mainly through ignorance, any black man with a "natural" hair style was regarded as a revolutionary and a threat to the peace. The Panthers thus became the prime suspects in the collective mind of the city and its police department.

Monday morning at six, the police staged a series of raids on three Panther headquarters in separate sections of the city. Rizzo had alerted the press—as he usually did in such cases—and representatives of papers and television stations rode with the police.

Rizzo claimed that an informant had told him of arms caches in the Panther headquarters as a way of justifying a raid on one of the Panther headquarters, where reportedly the police chopped down the door and then announced their presence. Rizzo claimed he had "tons and tons" of probable cause for the raids. "Don't we have the right to defend ourselves?" he asked. "Must we use a double-standard on them because they're Panthers? These people are dangerous to the city and the country."

RIZZO NEVER EXPLAINED THAT THE Panthers actually were a different group from the "revolutionaries" he had originally claimed were responsible for the death of the police sergeant on Saturday night. But this would have been an academic point in the weird series of events that continued during that chaotic week.

Rizzo held several press conferences, referring to the Panthers as "yellow dogs," 'imbeciles," and challenging them to send their best men against fewer of his best for a shootout anywhere and anytime. During one of the raids, a number of Panthers were lined up against a wall by police and forced to strip. News photographers were invited to record the scene, and Rizzo was quoted as saying, "Imagine the big Black Panthers with their pants down."

"It's sedition, it's treason," Rizzo said during a press conference. "We're confronted by a revolution, this is no longer crime. It must be stopped, even if we have to change some laws to do it. . . . It's happening in New York, in Chicago, on the West Coast. This is well-planned, well-organized. It's centrally controlled. They want to overthrow the government, and the government is doing nothing about it. The federal government has got to act. It's gone beyond the police. Local government can't do it. We're bound by the rules of the U.S. Supreme Court. These imbeciles who are doing the killing are instructed by the Black Panthers. They're set off by the trash that the Panthers are putting out under the guise of newspapers. . . ."

Later in the week, when Rizzo arrived at the scene of a non-related shooting in an all-white neighborhood, he was cheered by 200 persons who urged him to run for Mayor. That weekend, as the Revolutionary People's Congress was convening, a plane carrying a "Rizzo for Mayor" banner flew past the New Jersey shore areas where many white Philadelphians spend their summers. In Camden, New Jersey, a printer said he could not supply all the requests for "Rizzo for Mayor" bumperstickers. This fever continued until February 2 when Rizzo finally announced his candidacy at a press conference in the police administration building. Rizzo promised an open campaign so that Philadelphia would know his exact position on all issues. "There will be no glib talk from Frank Rizzo," he said.

Two months later, he still had not spoken before a black or a moderately liberal audience. And if he did later in the campaign, it was a greater secret than a CIA operation. It

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was only during the final weeks of the campaign that his staff began sending out sterile, uninformative "position papers."

IT WAS AN EASY WIN FOR RIZZO. Three liberal candidates, Bill Green, the U.S. congressman; Hardy Williams, the black Pennsylvania assemblyman; and the former city councilman David Cohen destroyed themselves. Rizzo won by 49,000 votes, but the three liberal candidates polled 483 more votes than the former police commissioner.

Rizzo's campaign was classic. "Pornography is so bad you can't take the family to the movies," was one of his stock lines. Another was "We've got men riding in one-man patrol cars where you need a marine division." And then there was the familiar, "All you have to do to get a job on the school board is to be a militant. Scream outside the administration building, and they'll hire you for $20,000."

He spent more time at his campaign stops signing autographs than discussing the issues. The people, however, did not mind. One day in the Northeast, a man approached him and asked, "Frank, you gonna do something about the schools?"

"You bet," Rizzo said, returning to his autograph session.

A pause of several seconds followed. Then Rizzo returned to the man who asked the question and said, "You know Frank Rizzo don't go back on his word." It was the typical Rizzo approach to the issues.

For 28 years Rizzo had been a policeman, known lovingly by his fans around the city as the "Cisco Kid." He became commissioner in 1967 and often spoke of his men as his "Army." When he resigned in 1971, his police force had 7200 men compared to 6000 when he took over, and the department's budget had climbed from $60 million to $92 million in 1971 and a projected $100,199,994 for fiscal 1972. The police budget was the largest single item in the city budget.

In a city where the school system ran out of money four weeks before the scheduled June 24 closing, Frank Rizzo campaigned vigorously for an increase of 2000 more policemen. To the retiring Democratic Mayor and the Democratic City Committee, Rizzo was a vote-getter, a "sure thing." He was the man who once showed up at a racial clash in South Philadelphia with a nightstick in his cummerbund. He was the man who warned civil rights demonstrators or anyone else who would listen that "for every one of my men that gets hit with a brick, there are going to be some broken arms and legs."

THEY LOVED IT IN THE NEIGHBORHOODS. And why not? Frank Rizzo was one of them, a South Philadelphian who observed their rules, who shared their upbringing. "My dad," Frank Rizzo said, "set tough rules and you played the game by his rules or you didn't play. I remember as a young man there was no question as to who was right or wrong. There were no democratic formulas. Boom, you got knocked down. It was the system."

In private, Rizzo would sit and drink beer with reporters and tell stories about his career. One day he recounted having to chase a man. When he caught up with the man, Rizzo threw him to the ground. "Then I come down with the old number 12," Rizzo said, stamping his foot on the floor in a City Hall corridor. "And that guy ain't walking right today." Rizzo followed that with an imitation of a man unable to walk correctly.

And then there was the time at a Philadelphia Press Association dinner when Rizzo recognized one of the waiters as a young man who had been involved in some racial problems at a South Philadelphia high school a few months earlier. "Just about the time we'd get them settled down, he'd be out stirring up again," Rizzo said. "So this one day, I called him over, got him behind a paddy wagon and gave him two quick shots to the gut. He didn't make any more speeches after that."

Frank Rizzo's Republican opponent in the mayoralty race is another former city councilman, Thacher Longstreth, a former Princeton football player, and a former President of the Philadelphia Chamber of Commerce. Longstreth, like Rizzo, is 50. He said he looks forward to the campaign and feels he has an excellent chance to fuse the liberal democrats with at least two thirds of the registered Republicans. That would give him a base of about 350,000 votes. Of course, pre-election figures tend to sound like spring-training predictions in baseball. Even the last-place teams think of themselves as contenders. But right now, things look dim for anti-Rizzo forces.

"I DON'T KNOW WHAT WILL HAPPEN," said Bill Green, who finished second to Rizzo in the Democratic primary. "All I know is that we turned out more independent voters (127,000) than ever before in this city, and we still lost by 49,000. How much of my vote will go to Longstreth, how the blacks will see the election, I just can't predict it. Against Rizzo, you just don't know because it's not the usual campaign. I ran against an image, a legend. The man did not campaign, he didn't talk about the issues. How can you tell?"

And so Philadelphia waits for November, the liberals fearful, the conservatives overjoyed. The city is split, the polarization evident everywhere. "The whole nation is watching. . . ," Frank Rizzo said several times before the primary. "They're asking: 'Can a police chief become the mayor of a big city?' It's not even enough to win big. We've got to crush them. We've got to make sure characters from the left don't take over this town."

Philadelphia is a town with deep social and economic problems, and like all the other large cities in the nation faces a future which is puzzling. A former reporter for the *Inquirer,* Eric Blanchard, writing to the *Washington Post* about the primary results, said, "Philadelphia is an undiscovered Newark: physical squalor resting on a dungheap of municipal corruption, fed by the cowardice of its news media. . . . Rizzo trades on fear, and that, in its verities, is what rules Philadelphia. . . . The news media refused out of their own racism and corruption to warn the city about (Rizzo). . . . He is no longer a backstage figure, a legend, a slogan for the fearful . . . of Kensington . . . South Philly. He is out front. Watch him. His eyes, his hands. Particularly, the people who are sitting on his side of the table."

Sandy Padwe is a news columnist for the *Philadelphia Inquirer.*

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My Jewish Problem—and Ours

Israel, the Left, and the Jewish Establishment

by Sol Stern

THERE ARE ALL THESE STRANGE Bob Dylan stories passing around New York these days: that he is studying Hebrew with a hip, radical Rabbi out on Long Island; that he attended the debate between Meir Kahane and Abbie Hoffman and offered to give some money to the Jewish Defense League; that he told Huey Newton he couldn't support the Panthers because of their stand on Israel; and lastly that he didn't come out to attend the spontaneous birthday demonstration organized outside his East Village apartment on May 24, because he was turning 30 in Tel Aviv.

Is there a Jewish Bob Dylan, a reincarnated Robert Zimmerman? Is the poet of rebelliousness and universal liberation of the '60s who was Bar Mitzvahed in the '50s now trying to bear witness to a lost Jewish identity? It happened to Moses Hess, to Herzl, Freud, Chagall and countless others. And if Bob Dylan has a Jewish problem, there are a lot of Jewish radicals newly concerned about their Jewishness and its relation to revolutionary politics who could be sympathetic.

MY OWN JEWISH PROBLEM FIRST SURFACED at a meeting I attended about a year ago at one of Berkeley's political communes. I had gone to hear a report from members of San Francisco Newsreel about their trip to Palestine guerrilla camps in Jordan and Lebanon. The principal speaker was a leather-jacketed, hip-talking, thirtyish radical named Chuck, who was Jewish, had graduated from the City College of New York and called himself a Marxist-Leninist and a revolutionary internationalist. Chuck told a livingroom full of Berkeley radicals that he had originally been "up-tight" about meeting the guerrillas because he was Jewish. When he got to Jordan, however, he discovered that the guerrilla struggle was aimed only at the Zionists, not the Jews—and he was welcomed as a "revolutionary brother."

"The program of Al Fatah," said Chuck, "is to create a democratic socialist Palestine where Jews and Arabs can live together, and where Jews will enjoy full civil and political rights. They are not fighting the Jews—only the Zionists, and the Zionist political structure." Chuck didn't have much more to say about the moral and political aspects of the Palestinian conflict; the rest of his talk was a rhapsodic account of the military aims of the guerrilla program, delivered in "movement hip," a self-conscious vernacular picturing the guerrilla cadres as "heavy dudes" and "brothers off the block," and describing the Fatah program as "right on."

To my question about the rights of the Jews to self-determination, Chuck answered, "The Jews are not a nation. They ought to fight for progress in whatever country they happen to live." The Jews "ripped off the land," and the Jewish state was racist and imperialist; therefore Israel was illegitimate and Fatah was correct in calling for its destruction. Later on he added another of the charges often levelled by Movement people, a gem apparently picked up in the guerrilla camps as the gospel truth: that the Zionists had been in cahoots with the Nazis. "Don't you know," I was asked, "that Theodore Herzl had discussions with Hitler?"

Newsreel had also brought back a pro-Fatah propaganda film that for sheer falsification of recent history has to rival

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the House Unamerican Activities Committee's classic of the early '60s, *Operation Abolition*. The film depicted the creation of the state of Israel as entirely the work of British imperialism, which dumped all the Jewish immigrants into Palestine to set them up as a colonial bulwark against the Arab masses. It didn't mention the British white paper of 1939 which restricted and then cut off Jewish immigration. Nor did it mention the British sea blockade of boats bearing escapees from Nazi-occupied Europe which resulted in shiploads of Jews going to the bottom of the Mediterranean. Also omitted was any reference to British opposition to the UN partition of Palestine, nor the subsequent British support for the five Arab armies which attacked the state of Israel. Most flagrant of all, it ignored the Jewish underground struggle against 100,000 British occupation troops which lasted from 1944 to 1947.

I went away from that meeting stunned by this crude and infantile approach to the complex moral and political issues underlying the Arab-Israeli dispute. But it was part of a trend, not an isolated case; and in subsequent months underground and Movement publications were filled with material on the Middle East that was hardly more sophisticated. When I engaged in several debates on the issue with people on the Left I was derisively labeled a "Zionist," as if this epithet placed my arguments beyond the pale of legitimacy.

ALL THIS PUT ME in an unusual position. Though I was born in Israel, my family emigrated to this country when I was three years old. I never considered myself a Zionist, nor did I feel any special attachment to Israel. My father had come to Palestine in the 1920s as a revolutionary socialist and a Zionist. But his radicalism soon conflicted with the Zionist establishment and a political split forced him to leave his kibbutz. As a worker in Tel Aviv in the 1930s, he joined other Jewish socialists in protesting the Histadrut (the Zionist labor federation) policy of excluding Arab workers. As a result, he was blacklisted by the Jewish Agency and harassed by the British mandatory authority. At the same time he was forced to pick up the gun in self-defense against Arab attacks on Jewish settlements. Then, as now, it was not easy to be a Jewish radical in the Holy Land.

Though he came to reject organized Zionism, my father later regarded the creation of the State of Israel as a progressive step and a necessary solution for the remnants of European Jewry. I grew up sharing those views. Most of my college arguments about Israel were with Zionist kids from Hillel who regarded any criticisms of Israeli government policy as treason, especially from one who was a Sabra. To me, on the other hand, they were middle-class hypocrites who wore their Jewishness on their sleeves. My heroes at that time were those Isaac Deutscher called the "Non-Jewish Jew"—Spinoza, Marx, Trotsky, Rosa Luxemburg—the internationalists who, in the prophetic tradition of Judaism, spoke for the emancipation of all humanity.

In 1967, as an editor of this magazine, I wrote a major part of our editorial on the Six Day War, which got us into trouble—not with the Left, but with some pro-Israeli Jews who had been financing the magazine. The editorial clearly affirmed the legitimacy of the Jewish state, but was nevertheless critical of the general foreign policy of the Israeli government. It was a position that seemed reasonable enough in those days.

Today that same editorial would be attacked by many on the Left (including more than a few who once saw it as forthright and principled) as a simple-minded, perhaps a "fascist," apology for Zionism. This turnabout raises some serious questions, questions which remain largely unanswered by the quality of the dialogue on Israel today. Have the issues changed that much, or is it the people?

* * *

THE IDEOLOGICAL CONFLICT BETWEEN Marxism and Zionism is nothing new. To Marx, the Jews were a "people-class" whose historical survival, as well as the centuries of anti-semitism directed against them, could be explained by their economic function in different historical epochs. Marx believed socialism would solve the "Jewish question" by eliminating the economic roots of anti-semitism and permit the Jews to become fully assimilated. And it was Moses Hess, a political comrade of Marx' (they were both sentenced to death during the 1848 revolution) who wrote the first political Zionist tract in response to him.

Lenin made significant revisions in Marxist theory on the national question when he argued that socialism must extend to all national minorities the right to secede and form their own republics. He, of course, remained adamantly anti-Zionist, because the Zionism of the time tended to make deals with the imperialists, and because it distracted Jewish workers from the task of making European revolution. Trotsky, however, who lived to see the use of crude anti-semitism against him and his followers by a "socialist" regime in Russia, became convinced towards the end of his life that socialism itself would not eliminate the Jewish question; that after the revolution Jews must be given the choice of living in a national homeland of their own. Although he regarded Zionism as an inappropriate solution for the Jewish problem, because he could not conceive of any way of transferring millions of Jews to Palestine and because of the conflict with the Arabs it was engendering, he clearly conceived of the possibility of a "Jewish State."

Events in Europe and Palestine in the 1940s made the Marxist-Zionist debate about the solution of the "Jewish question" somewhat academic. By 1948 there was a Jewish nation numbering one-half million in existence in Palestine —in fact, if not legally—and it was struggling for its independence against both British imperialism and Arab reaction. Several hundred thousand more Jews who wanted to go to Palestine were rotting in the camps for displaced persons of post-war Europe. Ironically enough, the Soviet Union was the first nation to extend diplomatic recognition to the state of Israel. Andrei Gromyko gave the most pro-Zionist speech the U.N. had ever heard when he argued for the partition of Palestine into a Jewish and an Arab state.

THESE CIRCUMSTANCES EXPLAIN WHY in 1948 Marxists and the rest of the Western Left supported the existence of Israel. In 1954, Isaac Deutcher eloquently expressed the revision of old Marxist assumptions that history had forced upon him:

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"Israelis who have known me as an anti-Zionist of long standing are curious to hear what I think about Zionism. I have of course long since abandoned my anti-Zionism, which was based on a confidence in the European Labour movement, or, more broadly, in European society and civilization, which that society and civilization have not justified. If, instead of arguing against Zionism in the 1920s and 1930s I had urged European Jews to go to Palestine, I might have helped to save some of the lives that were later extinguished in Hitler's gas chambers."

Even in 1967, in an article bitterly attacking Israel for its actions in the Six Day War, Deutscher said, "Arab nationalism will be incomparably more effective as a liberating force if it is disciplined and rationalized by an element of internationalism that will enable the Arabs to approach the problem of Israel more realistically than hitherto. They cannot go on denying Israel's right to exist and indulging in bloodthirsty rhetoric." At about the same time, Fidel Castro said, "True revolutionaries never threaten a whole country with extermination. We have spoken out clearly against Israel's policy, but we don't deny her right to exist."

Only a few years later however, "true revolutionaries," including Fidel himself, are once again, in the name of Marxism, denying the right of a Jewish state to exist in the Middle East. Jewish national consciousness now is being portrayed as incompatible with revolutionary internationalism. The images of the contestants in the Middle East conflict have been reversed from what they were in 1948, and the truce between Marxism and Zionism has been shattered. Now it is the Arab side that has the aura of being a national liberation struggle and a people's war, with the attention of the international Left being focused on Palestinian guerrillas, not on the reactionary Arab governments. Coincidentally, in Israel there has been a clear shift to the right. The socialist sector of the economy is relatively less important than it was, and Israel's foreign policy, once genuinely neutralist, has become increasingly wedded to that of the United States, with the world Zionist movement equating Jewish interests with those of bankrupt American imperialism.

These are perplexing developments. They shattered for me the unspoken assumption that there was no conflict between being a Jew and a radical. That is my "Jewish problem." But it is also the Movement's problem because its knee-jerk approach to the Middle East and the question of Jewish nationalism is not only leaving the field to a conservative Jewish establishment, but is also alienating many young radical Jews who want to be part of the solution, rather than part of the problem.

* * *

IF THE PROBLEM IS AN ANGUISHING ONE for Americans, it is doubly so for Israeli leftists who have lived with it longer and more intimately than we have. We might consider their pleas, for Israel was, after all, made of a revolution in the streets against a colonial occupying power.

Before it happened anywhere else in the Third World, a Jewish underground army in Palestine had defeated and expelled a sizeable British occupying army in a fight conducted for the most part, not by the official Zionist agency's military arm, the Haganah, but by two underground military organizations, the Irgun, and its smaller offshoot, the Stern Group. The Sternists, who never numbered more than 200, specialized in assassinations of British officers and dynamiting British military installations, and justified their revolt with an anti-imperialist ideology. They were the Weathermen of their day, self-sacrificing young revolutionary fanatics who believed that exemplary violence by a small disciplined group could be a catalyst in setting off a broader national liberation struggle.

Two Stern group martyrs, 17-year-old Eliahu Hakim and 21-year-old Eliahu Bet Zouri went to a British gallows in Cairo in 1944 after assassinating Lord Moyne, the highest ranking British political officer in the Middle East. During their trial, they eloquently appealed to the Arabs for a joint anti-imperialist struggle against the British, and nationalist Egyptian students demonstrated their support in the streets of Cairo.

TODAY THE MAN WHO WAS the military commander of the Stern Group is still giving the official Zionists hell. His name is Nathan Yalin Mor, and he writes for Israel's leading newspaper, *Haaretz*, calling for radical changes in the government's policies towards the Arabs. Recently he referred to Golda Meir as a "vindictive old lady."

Yalin Mor made a tour of the United States and western Europe last year talking to Left groups. Everywhere he went he denounced the policies of the Israeli government on the occupied territories, while reminding his audience that both as a leftist and as a Jew he could give no support to the program of Fatah, for they would merely replace Israeli occupation with the total suppression of Jewish nationalism.

Another of Israel's most widely read left-wing journalists, Amos Kenan, is also a veteran of the Stern Group. Last year in Israel he described his underground organization to me as a "mixture of religious mystics and cold-blooded, revolutionary communists. We were a disciplined revolutionary party that believed in the right of a revolutionary minority to disobey and go its own way even if it meant precipitating a civil war." Kenan read to me from old Stern Group leaflets that were distributed to the Arabs in 1947, calling for a joint Jewish-Arab struggle against the British imperialists. One of them said, "Let us prevent a Jewish-Arab war. Jewish and Arab blood is shed in Tel-Aviv and Jaffa. Who is responsible for that bloodshed? The occupying forces and the imperialist intriguers. A Jewish-Arab war is necessary to the British to prove that the British are needed. A Jewish-Arab war is the last justification for British occupation here. We want no war against our Arab neighbors. To attack Arabs in the streets is to help the British—it is also a crime against the Hebrew Nation."

Kenan scoffs at the much-discussed distinction which Fatah makes between Zionists and Jews. "A few years ago they called me a Jew and wanted to kill me, now they call me a Zionist and they still want to kill me. I'm still the same person and I still want to live—and if they force me to I will fight as a Zionist. I also can use the same trick. I can go

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around killing Arabs and call them 'Fatah.' They tell me they just fight against the 'Zionist structure,' not the Jews, but what they call the 'Zionist structure' is my self-determination. They say they will respect the rights of Jews to practice their religion in the new Democratic Palestine. Do you think I will give back statehood for the right to belong to a religious sect? If there is no other way for us to stay alive and preserve ourselves as a people, then the Jews have the same rights as Algerians and Black Panthers—we have to organize self-defense and fight back."

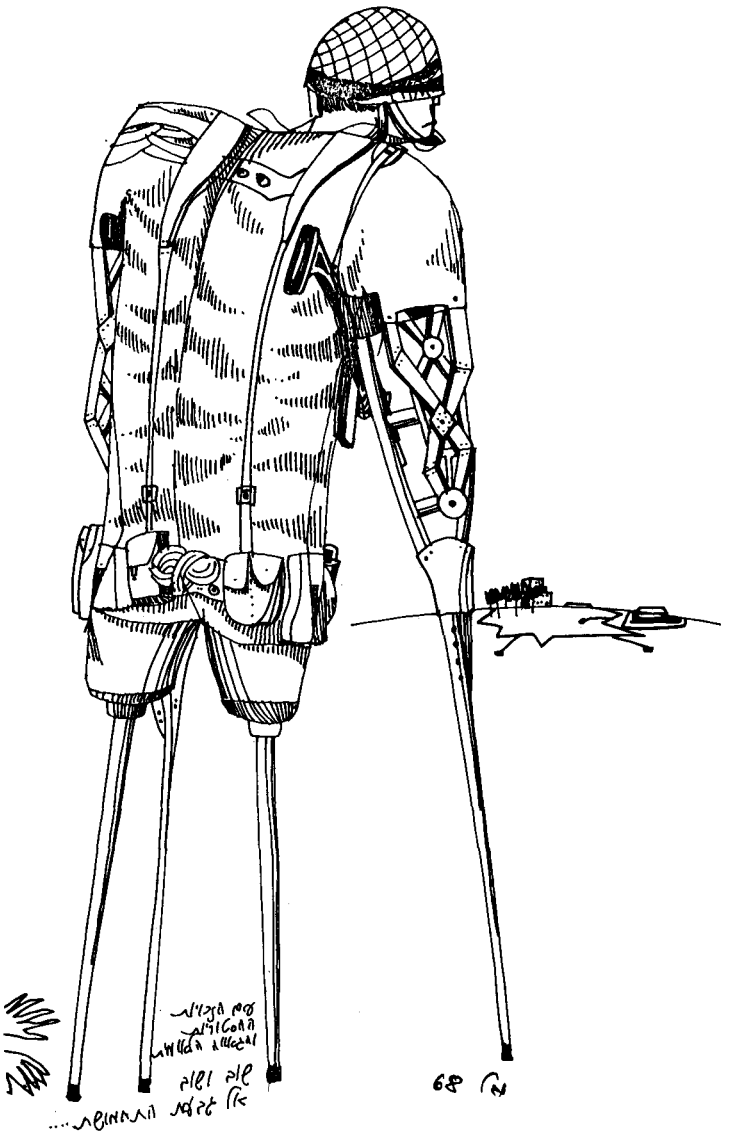
YOUNGER LEFT-WING ISRAELIS express their political frustration in the same manner. Take the particular case of Ron Cohen, a 32-year-old kibbutznik who digs the Cuban revolution, supports the National Liberation Front of Vietnam, admires the Black Panthers and calls himself a Marxist-Leninist. "I think Mao Tse-Tung has the most correct interpretation of Marxism today," he told me). Ron also happens to be a captain in the Paratroopers who saw combat in the Sinai during the Six Day War and has since spent about a month of every year in the occupied territorities patrolling against the guerrillas.

Ron helped organize Siach, the New Israeli Left, with ex-members of Mapam, after Mapam decided to enter the coalition government. They have gone into the streets several times in American Movement-style demonstrations. They blocked traffic in Jerusalem, tried to march on Hebron to protest the government's plan to settle 250 Jewish families there and even invaded Golda Meir's garden, where they clashed with the police, and where Ron Cohen had his head bloodied by a police club.

I discussed all this with Ron and several of his Siach comrades at his kibbutz, Gan Shmuel. On the walls of the kibbutz cottage where we met were American anti-war and Black Panther posters. Everyone was in a somber mood—just a few days before one of the kibbutz kids had been killed on the Syrian front. All of them had fought in the Six Day War, which they saw as a war for salvation and survival, and they all spoke bitterly about the politics in the Arab world that had led up to it. "All my life I had fought for peace with the Arabs, and tried to speak to them and then suddenly I was forced to kill them," said Cohen. "The War changed everything. Before '67 things were much easier for the Left. We could talk about real issues, about Vietnam and imperialism and what was happening to socialism in this country. Now the mood here is incredibly chauvinistic. We can't talk about Vietnam anymore."

Siach is always confronted with a typical response in its attempts to proselytize. It goes something like this: "O.K., let's say we accept your argument. We must recognize the Palestinian Arabs as a national entity; we must take back refugees; we must make initiatives and compromises. But where is the equivalent compromise on the other side? Where is the Arab Siach which calls for recognition of the Jewish nation?" The Siach kids admitted that they can't answer these questions very well.

"Al Fatah uses the money it gets from the Saudi Arabian government to send its representatives around the world and print up its propaganda in several languages," says Cohen. "The Israeli government also does this but we don't have



the money or the resources to get our position across. And even when we speak to European leftists, they can't understand our struggle. Because of the war with the Arabs, which threatens our very national existence, we on the Left here are at a lower level of struggle. This is our problem—we are in a national struggle instead of a class struggle. There can be no deepening of the class or social contradictions within Israel as long as every Israeli feels that there is a dire security problem. We try to explain this to New Left people in Europe—but they don't understand."

* * *

THE QUESTION OF WHETHER there is an "Arab Siach" is more than a rhetorical point. I have heard left-wing Israelis say openly that, if the Palestinian movement were willing to come to terms with the existence of Israel and the Israeli government still obstructed the creation of a Palestinian state, the Palestinians would then find allies inside Israel, even "armed allies." As

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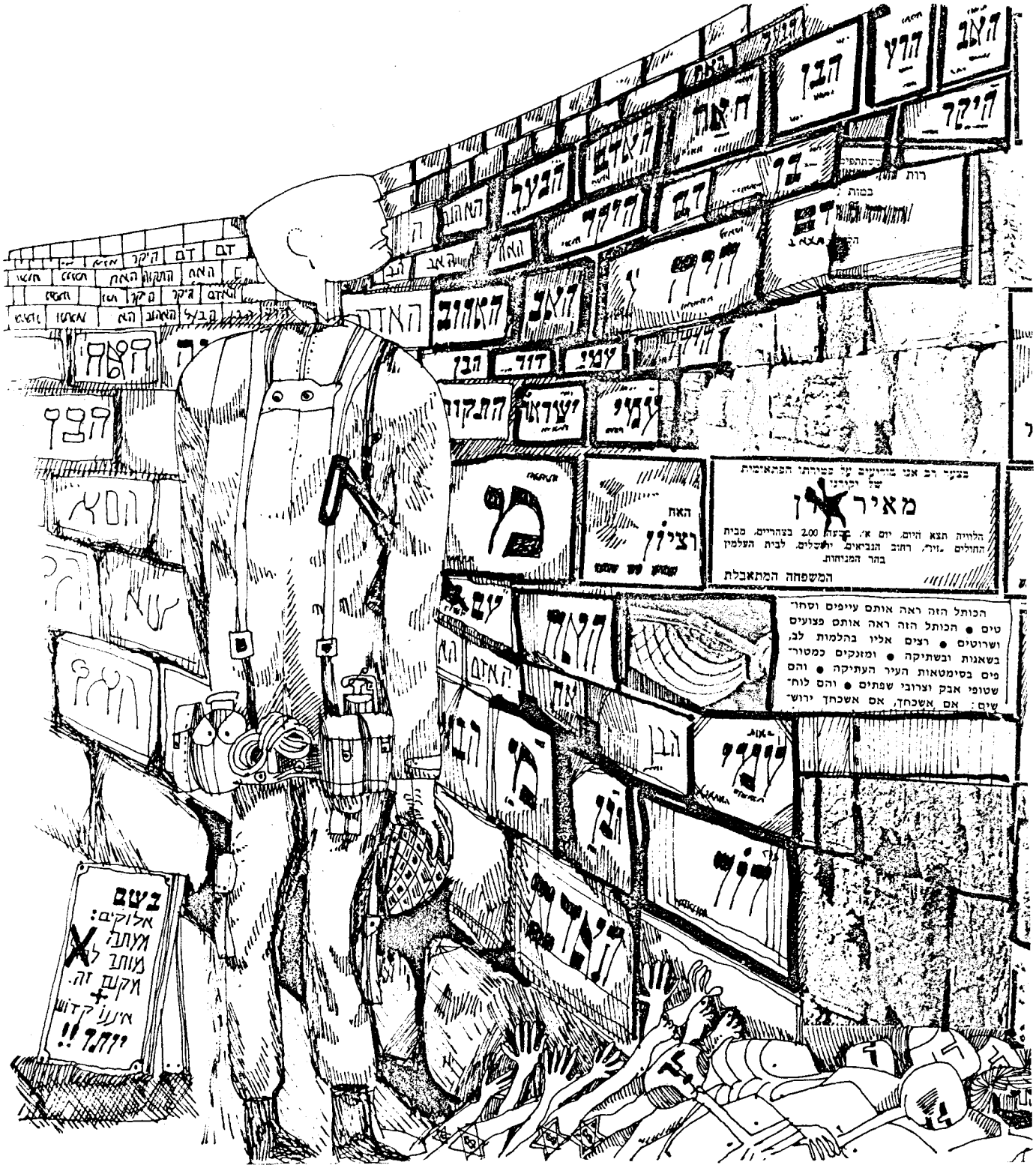

long as the Palestinians insist on "liberating" all of Palestine, however, they will succeed only in uniting all Israelis, including those on the Left, behind the government.

This is where the Left's confusion begins. Al Fatah's periodic assertions that they are now for a "democratic secular state of Palestine," where all Jews, Moslems and Christians will have equal rights, have led many people on the Left to honestly believe that the Palestinians have gone through a remarkable political transformation on their attitudes towards relations with the Israeli Jews. Some believe that

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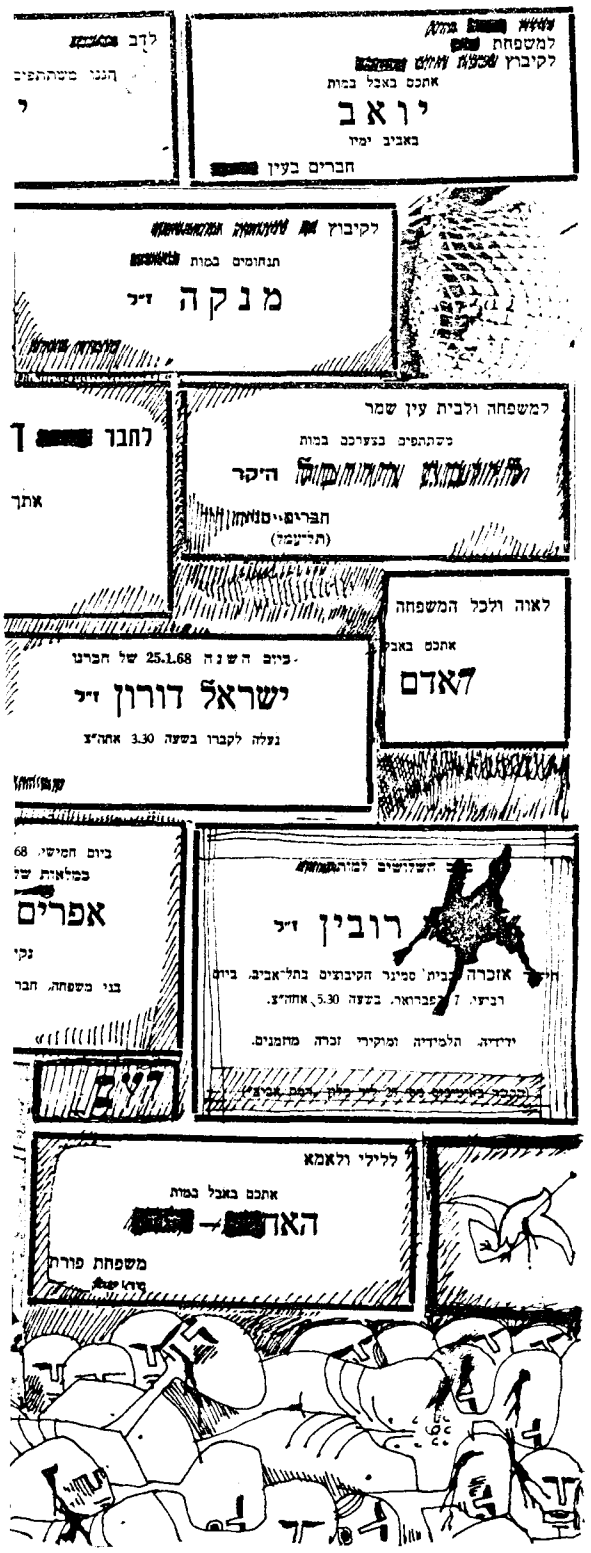

Fatah's position opens up the possibility of working toward a binational state as a solution to the conflict, and that it is Israel which unreasonably insists on an exclusive Jewish state. But such assumptions are contradicted by almost every official statement put out by Fatah. Fatah's official seven-point program, for example, refers to the future Palestine as "part of the Arab Fatherland." And when an interviewer asked Yaser Arafat how he reconciled the idea of a progressive democratic state for all peoples with the Fatah slogan, "Long live Palestine, Arab and free," he answered, "A democratic progressive state in Palestine is not in contradiction to that state being Arab . . . the word Arab implies a common culture, a common language and a common background. The majority of the inhabitants of any future state of Palestine will be Arab. . . ." Israeli leaders are described by Fatah as "diehard racist Zionists who obviously do not qualify for a Palestinian status." Other Jews will be allowed to remain, "provided of course that they reject Zionist racist chauvinism and fully accept to live as Palestinians in the New Palestine."

Here is another suggestion from *Fateh,* published in Beirut, of how the Jewish problem in the new Palestine might be solved: "Early last year, we officially declared the adoption of the unitary, non-sectarian and democratic Palestine state as a humane solution to the Palestine problem. In line with this objective, Fatah has contacted a number of Arab countries urging them to receive back their Jewish nationals who have emigrated to occupied Palestine and to accept their return as full-fledged citizens as they were before. Some Arab countries have accepted this proposal."

Such statements make it clear that the Palestine which Fatah envisions is one of an Arab state which "tolerates" a Jewish religious minority. Zionism, which by Fatah's criteria is simply Jewish nationalism, would be considered a crime. No concession of any kind is made to the idea of Jewish national self-determination, nor is there to be any legitimate binationalism, as Fatah's most recent official statement on the question emphasizes: "The call for a non-sectarian Palestine should not be confused with a multi-religious, a polyreligious or a binational state. The new Palestine is not to be built around three state religions or two nationalities."

Those who believe that Fatah's pronouncements on relations with the Jews are a great step forward ought to ponder the fact that even the discredited reactionary Palestinian leadership of the 1940s (including the Grand Mufti, who spent the war years alongside Hitler in Berlin) always said they would tolerate a Jewish minority in an Arab Palestine. They often offered guarantees that the Jews would be treated with justice as long as they had no Zionist aspirations; that is, if they gave up their desire for political sovereignty. If the Jews had been willing to accept minority status, there could have been a settlement with the Arabs 30 years ago. But then, what was the point of coming to Palestine in the first place? It was the desire for self-determination and autonomy that was at the heart of Zionism and still is the common denominator uniting virtually all Israelis.

SOME MARXIST-LENINISTS IN THE WEST—groups such as those congregating around the *New Left Review* in England and the International Socialists in the United States— understand the weakness of Fatah on the national question. They base their support of the Palestine Liberation movement on the theory that Marxist-Leninists in the Palestinian Democratic Popular

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Front (who are critical of Fatah for its nationalism and its support of bourgeois Arab regimes) will someday wage a joint struggle with the Marxist-Leninists in Matzpen (the Israeli Socialist Organization), and that this revolutionary union will result in the overthrow of Zionism as well as the reactionary Arab governments, leading to the creation of a unified, revolutionary-socialist Middle East in which the de-Zionized Jews will enjoy their national rights.

But Matzpen is a tiny Trotskyist sect which is even less significant on the Israeli Left than the Democratic front is among the Palestinians. When I was in Israel last year, they claimed a membership of about eighty; since then they have split three ways. But since they claim to be the only truly "anti-Zionist" group in Israel, it does not really matter if they have two thousand members or two; they would still be the living proof, for those who need to believe it, that the distinction which the Palestinians make between Zionists and Jews has some kind of meaning for the millions of Israelis.

But what Matzpen's "anti-Zionism" comes down to is the demand that Israelis give up the protection of their state in return for the eventual prospect of self-determination offered by one tiny fraction of the guerrilla movement—a fraction which, judging by the lessons of recent national liberation struggles in Algeria, Syria and Iraq, will probably be eliminated after the revolution. Matzpen asks Jews to embark on a course which entails a very high probability of committing national and cultural suicide, in return for the very small possibility that by doing so they will usher in a new socialist Utopia in the Middle East. Is it any wonder that most Matzpen people eventually wind up leaving the country and that their main activities are not in Tel Aviv or Jerusalem, but London, Paris and New York, where they find more respectful (and naive) audiences?

Of course, most of the people on the Left who have taken a position on the Middle East conflict couldn't be bothered by this kind of ideological eyewash. Mostly we are confronted by clodhoppers shouting "right on" for Fatah and damn the consequences. I have heard some of them say that they don't support Matzpen because they regard them as Trotskyist sectarians who are too hung up on the question of self-determination. These people can't think of a single group on the Israeli Left that deserves support. The implication is clear: the only thing any Israeli can do to qualify for revolutionary credentials is to pick up the gun and fight alongside the Fatah commandos.

That such a political line is approved by some Jews in the Movement should hardly be shocking by now. But it is equally clear that this kind of perverted internationalism (an internationalism that would make Marx and Lenin wince) is partly creating its own counter-reaction. For what else but nationalism is an appropriate response to the kind of "revolutionary internationalism" that makes Moshe Dayan and Itzchak Rabin out to be pigs and bandits who should be hunted down and killed, but is quiet about the Pakistani generals who direct the slaughter of the civilian population of East Bengal because the Chinese have given it their O.K.; that makes Yaser Arafat out to be a hero even though his movement is non-Marxist and non-socialist, while considering Israeli socialists non-persons?

THE MOVEMENT GETS INTO such absurd positions because of its considerable confusion on the role of nationalism. Since the Left is committed ideologically to an internationalist perspective, it follows that there is something reactionary about nationalism. The contradiction is that some militant nationalisms are seen as a prelude to anti-colonialist and anti-imperialist struggles. Thus the Left has fallen into the trap of approving selectively only those nationalisms which engage loudly in anti-imperialist rhetoric, whatever the reality. There is considerable sympathy on the Left for various black nationalist movements in this country and in Africa. But the Southern Sudanese blacks who have been waging a struggle for years for their self-determination against a dominant and imperious majority in the north are practically ignored, because the Sudanese Arabs have laid claim to membership in the anti-imperialist camp.

In the same way, because Palestinian nationalism is now rhetorically associated with anti-imperialism, it is "right on," while Israeli nationalism, which once played a real, anti-imperialist role in the Middle East, has become intrinsically evil. Thus, instead of seeing the Palestine-Israel struggle as a tragic and destructive struggle between two nations fighting over the same turf, a collision that requires healing by compromise and mutual recognition, the Left applies models that have no relevance. And how futile it seems to try to point out the obvious: that Amman is not Hanoi, and the P.L.O. is not the N.L.F., and that Tel Aviv is not Saigon.

The glib notion that the way to solve the problem is to create a democratic secular state of Palestine where Arabs and Jews live in peace ignores the obvious fact that Fatah hasn't geared up just to go out of business after a secular Palestinian state is created. It has not tried to create a Palestine national renaissance to merely usher in some universalist homogenized society, but one which serves the very special needs and aspirations of the Arab Palestinian people.

Even in the very best of worlds the prospects of a binational state working are not very good. And in the most basic conditions of the Arab-Israeli dispute—two intensely nationalistic peoples who have lived in armed confrontation with each other for half a century, facing each other over hair triggers—it is less likely. What is needed is an accommodation that allows for separation into two national entities. To suggest any other course is to ignore the countless disasters that have occurred in recent years as a result of the attempt to force two peoples into one single-state structure—in Iraq, where Arabs slaughtered Kurds; in Chad where blacks oppressed and warred against separatist Arabs; in Sudan, where Arabs waged a war of extermination against blacks who want their independence.

* * *

IF THE SOLUTIONS PROPOSED by Fatah and its Left supporters are unworkable at best, are not the accusations against Israel nonetheless based on real injustices? And is not the animus against Israel justified? Well, yes and no. The problem is the failure to make proper distinctions between government actions which should be opposed (in conjunction with the Israeli Left)

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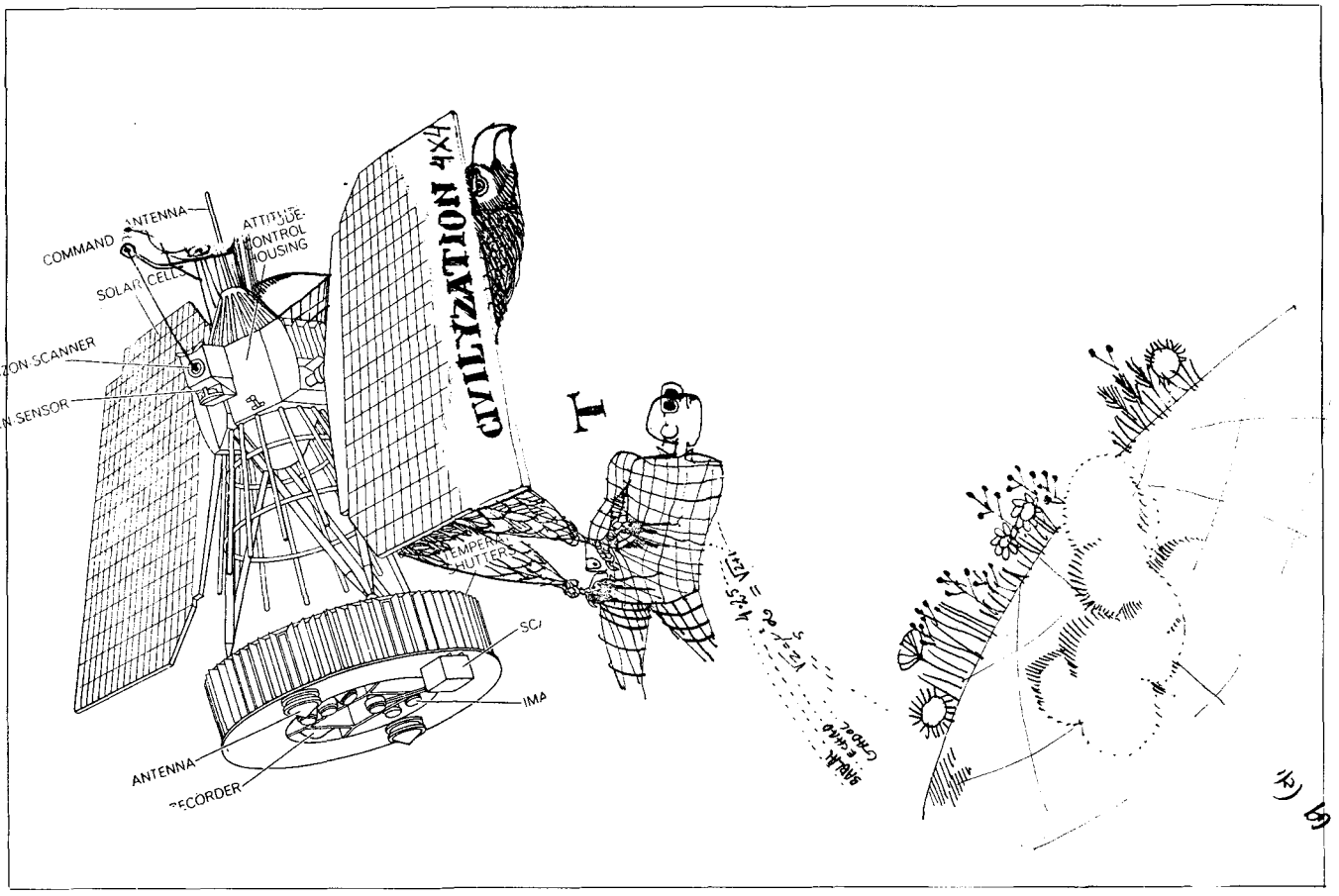

and the notion that the whole national enterprise is therefore tainted and illegitimate.

Take the simple-minded accusation heard more and more commonly on the Left—that Israel is "imperialist." The notion that Israel, a tiny country of 3 million people with no heavy industry, is an imperialist power is on its face a grotesque absurdity. Israel has no access to the oil or raw materials in the Arab world. It has no exploitative trade with the Arabs, nor a class of local exploiters which it uses to extract its profits. It is true that Israel has often made unscrupulous alliances with imperialist powers like the U.S. when it has been in her interest, but this should hardly justify the call for the elimination of Israel as a society. There are at least a dozen African states far more compromised, but no one on the Left calls for their elimination. If one were looking for "imperialist lackey" states, a good place to begin might be Nigeria which is penetrated, supported, and manipulated by no less than three imperialist powers—Britain, America and the Soviet Union. Yet the Left which now calls for the elimination of Israel, not only did not apply that remedy to Nigeria but a good part of it applauded the war of extermination waged against the Biafrans.

And what about the refugees? There is no doubt that much of the blame for the plight of the Palestinian refugees must fall on Israel's shoulders. Her refusal to take back substantial numbers of refugees and her insistence on seeing the problem totally in political and not in human terms for 20 years is one of the most serious blights on Israel's record. But there is another side to the coin. It cannot be forgotten that the refugees were created as a byproduct of a brutal civil war in which atrocities and terror were committed by both sides. If the Arabs at least bear a share of responsibility for that civil war, by their refusal to accept a compromise solution based on partition of the land and by their unwillingness in 20 years to call off the civil war, then they too must share the responsibility for the consequences—including the refugees.

It is misunderstanding the issue today to see the "refugee" problem as synonymous with the Palestinian national liberation struggle. Solving the refugee problem is not the same as giving the Palestinians their national rights. Indeed it may be the other way around. For, if the refugee problem were solved on the basis of the humanitarian concern for peoples returning to their original lands, that is, if Israel took back all of the 700,000 refugees that left in 1948, they would still be a minority within a Jewish state, whereas the Palestinian national movement, whose very base is now in the refugee camps, would be dealt a crippling and perhaps final blow with its population spread between Israel and Hussein's Jordan. Thus, to use the tragedy of the refugees to justify support for a program of the elimination of the state of Israel is outrageous and cynical. There are any number of solutions which could resettle refugees in a Palestinian Arab state and still allow for the existence of a Jewish state. Even if the Israeli government should unilaterally offer to take back every single refugee tomorrow, there would be no change in Fatah's program or in the Left's

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support for it; for the program and that support is based on the elevation of one nationalism to total superiority over another.

* * *

ONE CANNOT HELP SUSPECTING that the basis of the anti-Israel position, especially among the large number of Jews in the Movement, is not necessarily based on an objective analysis of the situation in the Middle East. It has, I am convinced, many psychological roots. It is no accident that most anti-Israel Jews in the Movement grew up in upper-middle-class, assimilated Jewish homes where they experienced a Jewishness that was on the whole reactionary, decadent and antiseptic. If they went to synagogues, it was to do meaningless exercises in what one Jewish radical publication recently called "haunted echo chambers." If they learned about Israel, it was not about its revolutionary tradition, but an image passed on by Leon Uris and the Zionist Organization of America. No wonder these kids grew up feeling no qualms when the international Left called for the destruction of Israel, and regard Jewishness itself as intrinsically reactionary.

But to explain such a phenomenon is not to excuse it. If the insensitivity to the real historical experience and needs of the Jewish people, and of Israel, is merely an irrational reaction to Beverly Hills and Miami Beach Jewishness, then someone ought to correct it. One of its consequences is that it continues to play right into the hands of the reactionary American Jewish Establishment, which wants to consolidate its image as the only defenders of the legitimate aspirations of the Jewish people. In the exertions of the Jewish Establishment, one sees the Left's arguments merely stood on their head. Where the Left has said to young Jews, "to be for the survival of Israel is to betray the world revolution," the Jewish Establishment seems to be saying, "if you are for the world revolution, you betray your people." All this makes for strange bedfellows, with the Left and the Jewish Establishment cooperating in the polarization of the Jewish community between pro-Israel cold warriors and simple-minded, anti-Jewish revolutionaries.

THE IDEOLOGICAL JUSTIFICATION for the Jewish Establishment's role was spelled out by *Commentary* magazine in a recent issue devoted to the proper relationship between Jewishness and radicalism. The title *Commentary* put on its cover was "Revolutionism & the Jews." It would have been more accurate to call it "Revolutionism *or* the Jews." Thus historian Walter Laqueur unabashedly tells us that, on the question of the Middle East, "the thought of the Movement has a certain logic and consistency; once one accepts the basic premises, one cannot stop short where Israel is concerned." In Laqueur's analysis, any action which weakens American foreign policy must weaken Israel, since Israel's survival is now based on American power to counterbalance the Russian military presence in the Arab countries. "The anti-Israel faction of the New Left is thus absolutely correct in its criticism of the pro-Israel radicals. Once one accepts the basic assumption that the American Establishment is totally evil, that its foreign policy is simply a function of its imperialist, anti-revolutionary character, and that the defeat of America is in the interests of world revolution, one cannot logically make an exception of American policy in the Middle East."

Laqueur's argument is, of course, precisely as inane and one-dimensional as the New Left argument which he perverts for his own purposes. Israel survived in 1948 without any American weapons, and is dependent ultimately not on big-power support, but on its own willingness to fight for its survival. As the Vietnamese have proved, small nations can and do win their independence from super-powers. Laqueur's real purpose in all of this is not to caution about Israel's demise but to underplay the significance of a self-conscious and growing Jewish radical movement both in Israel and the United States. Thus he lumps Siach together with Matzpen and dismisses them both, and predicts that Jewish radicals in the United States, to the extent that they remain preoccupied with radical causes such as Indochina, Women's Liberation and pollution, will become more estranged from Jewish concerns. "This may be all to the good, for the present stance of the Jewish radical is a half-way house, morally and intellectually inconsistent, and thus untenable in the long run."

In another of the *Commentary* articles, Sociologist Nathan Glazer develops the theme of separating the radical chaff from the Jewish wheat. One of Glazer's specialties is his theory of the right-wing backlash, which he uses as an hysterical whip to discourage any kind of radicalism at all. Now he argues that the end of the war in Vietnam may bring "the rise of a stab-in-the-back myth, in which it will not only be students and professors and intellectuals who will be attacked, not only Jews in their role as members of this general community, but conceivably Jews *as* Jews." How do we head off this imminent pogrom? According to Glazer, all the Jewish intellectuals should stop mucking about with radicalism, should be more moderate and balanced, should swim more securely in the mainstream and stop finding so much fault with America.

This is of course more than sociology. It is *Commentary's* own form of Jewish self-hatred, with Glazer coming on like the classic old Jewish *bubba* who trembles in fear of a pogrom every time she hears of a Jew getting into some troubles with the Gentiles.

COMMENTARY'S MONTHLY FULMINATIONS against every movement for social change from Women's Liberation to the counter-culture might be dismissed as the sour grapes of a bunch of West-side New York intellectuals hankering for the golden age of the 1950s when they were *de rigeuer* and traveled around the world on C.I.A. credit cards. On the questions of Jews, however, their combination of Sammy Glick and Spiro Agnew homilies ("listen kid, don't knock this country, it's been good to us") reflect a widespread sense of fear and isolation.

Commentary has always been a bellwether for the thinking of the Jewish Establishment—the rich, assimilated Jews who run the major Jewish organizations and make the

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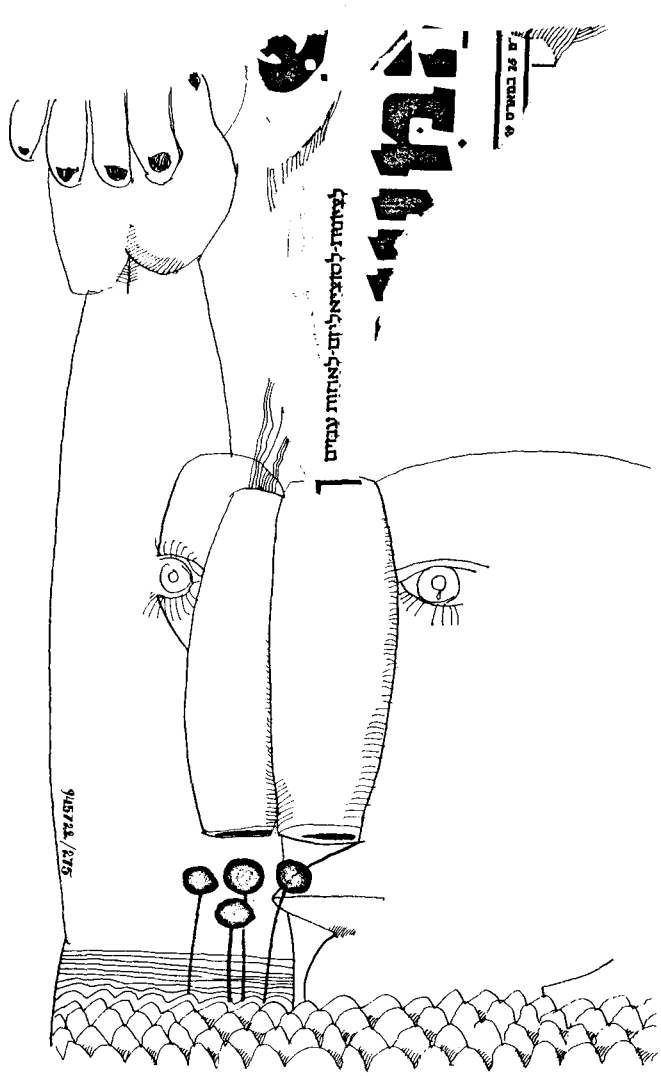
"Jewish opinion" that the mass media picks up. In the '50s the magazine was the focus of the lobotomized American celebration, the end of ideology, and the notion that America was the "good society." Anyone who suggested that there might be a crisis lurking somewhere beneath the surface was an old-fashioned "ideologist." In those years *Commentary* was a complete apologist for America's cold war policies, as well as for the anti-communist hysteria that swept the country (though they preferred a more subtle and intellectually rigorous one than vintage McCarthyism). Then as now they hated Jewish radicals particularly since, as they often argued in their pages, Jews had it made in America as nowhere else in history, and any Jew who questioned America's munificence was being traitorous to all Jews as well.

In the early '60s *Commentary* timorously rode the New Frontier bandwagon. The style of that period was one of questioning old assumptions, asking for apparently imaginative programs. After all, many of the *Commentary* writers were now going to the White House. Ever the slave of fashion, the magazine was "for" civil rights, concerned about blacks, talking about disarmament. But, as the mood of liberal re-examination changed into a deeper and more fundamental radicalism and as the questions began to grapple with an imperialism and racism structurally inherent in American society, *Commentary* pulled in the reins and warned the intellectuals they were going too far.

IN ALL THIS, COMMENTARY reflected deep currents running through the entire American Jewish community. American Jews, living almost entirely in the huge urban caldrons that were rocked by the liberation struggles of the late '60s, were largely represented in the professions that came into direct physical contact with the black revolt—they were the teachers, the social workers, the lawyers, the doctors.

There were two reactions to this contact with the American crisis. Many lower-middle-class and working-class Jews became rednecks. Their fear of blacks and social change resulted in votes for unabashed reactionaries like Mario Procaccino in New York in 1969 and Sam Yorty in Los Angeles. The upper-class Jews continued to mouth the old liberal platitudes, but isolated themselves into the suburbs and began to blame the deepening crisis on the radicals. They were afraid, suddenly feeling isolated and marginal as Jews, and they desperately wanted to believe that if the radicals, and particularly the Jewish radicals, could be stopped, then things would get better. Instead of trying to understand what there is about official Judaism and Zionism that is turning off the young, and trying to do something about it, they reacted by placing certain political ideas beyond the pale of respectability.

Thus *Commentary* Editor Norman Podhoretz says quite frankly that Jewish radicals should be boycotted by the organized Jewish community. Podhoretz is upset that some Jewish organizations have seen fit to dribble a few pennies to Jewish radical groups and have even tried to have a dialogue with the New Left. In response to the interest shown by a few Rabbis and organizations in Arthur Waskow's "Freedom Seder," *Commentary* stigmatizes the whole



effort as nothing less than "a document of self-loathing and self-abasement masquerading as a document of self-affirmation." No, it is more than Jewish self-hatred. It is, says Podhoretz, actually "anti-Semitism," which he newly defines as anything against the interests of those Jews whose patronage he receives and whose neuroses he expresses.

There is a special irony in Podhoretz' appointment of himself as the policeman of the Jewish community and the protector of Jewish rights and interests. For the fact is that the people who pay Podhoretz, the American Jewish Committee that publishes *Commentary*, are like most Establishment Jews who have made it in America in that they do not have a very strong record of courage when it comes to actually doing something for Jews in trouble.

THERE IS OF COURSE THE NOTORIOUS and shameful story of how most American Jewish leaders did nothing to protest against the Roosevelt administration when it turned its back on the doomed Jews of Europe. Here is the verdict of the journalist Dorothy Thompson (no self-hating Jewish radical she) on the organization that publishes *Commentary*:

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"The American Jewish Committee tried to soft peddle things. It advised watchful waiting. It refused to participate in parades, demonstrations, protest meetings. It tried to get the government to do something but very, very quietly. Hush, hush was the word."

A generation later, Hannah Arendt wrote the brilliant book *Eichmann in Jerusalem,* which asked some penetrating questions about just what Jewish leaders in Europe and Palestine were doing anyway. Norman Podhoretz took to the pages of his magazine to suggest, again in the name of the interests of the Jews, that there was something obscene and indecent in the very questions Miss Arendt raised. It was still "hush, hush."

Even on the question of Israel there is reason to wonder about these defenders of the Jewish interest. In 1948, when many left-wing Jews were risking their necks to break the American embargo on guns to Israel, the American Jewish Committee was again advising a policy of caution and moderation. And in the early 1950s, when Israel was much closer to the ideals of an egalitarian society than it is today and was also in more trouble, *Commentary* was much more lukewarm than it is today. A frequent theme of the articles *Commentary* was running in those days was the fear that Israel might go Stalinist.

All of which forces one to wonder just whom *Commentary* is thinking of when it claims to speak for the interests of the Jews. Is it all the Jews of the world and their right to live their lives in a decent world order, exploiting no one and being exploited by no one? Or is it a much smaller group of American Jews who have it made here in America and don't want anyone rocking the boat?

* * *

COMMENTARY'S PREDICTION AND HOPE for a severing of all relations between radicalism and the Jewish community could become a reality, especially with a little help from the Left. It could create a situation in which the entire organized Jewish community shuns Jewish radicals like the plague, while the radical community declares all expressions of Jewish consciousness to be objectively counter-revolutionary. Such a development would, of course, be a tragedy for both parties. It is hard to imagine a healthy radical movement that has no distinctively Jewish element in it or that sets itself against the national and cultural aspirations of the Jewish people, just as it is hard to imagine a decent Jewish community that does not find some common ground with the Movement.

One of the few hopeful signs in all of this is the rapid growth of a self-conscious Jewish radical movement despite the best efforts of *Commentary* and the Jewish Establishment to undercut it. It may well be one of the fastest growing movements on the campuses. By conservative estimates there are Jewish radical groups of one kind or another now on close to 100 campuses, and they turn out 35 separate newspapers. They are a varied collection—some are Radical Zionists; others are diaspora-centered and more critical of Zionism, though affirming the legitimacy of Israel; some work exclusively on Soviet Jewry, while others concentrate on trying to radicalize traditional Jewish organizations. But their common denominator is a widespread sense that it is legitimately in the Jewish tradition to work for universal liberation, while it is part of the radical tradition to be true to one's own roots. While traditional campus Jewish organizations such as Hillel are expiring at a rapid rate, the Jewish radicals are creating political space where problems that divide Jews and the Movement might begin to be worked out.

As for Israel, it too will get a little leavening from these new Jewish radicals. The big *machers* of the World Zionist Organizations are going to see a lot of hell-raising from young Radical Zionists this winter at their quadrennial Congress in Jerusalem. And anyone who doubts that Israel needs a full-scale cultural revolution for its full health and survival might recall the recent spectacle put on by the Israeli Minister of Housing. He called a press conference to announce and defend the start of construction of a new Jewish housing project on the outskirts of Jerusalem which required the demolition of Arab houses and the removal of its occupants, some at the point of a gun. The housing plan for Jerusalem on which this brutal action was based had been condemned by a committee of distinguished international architects as a civic monstrosity. If the Israeli bureaucrats have their way, they may yet have as their epitaph that, after 2000 years of Jewish history, they managed to turn Jerusalem into a giant, all-Jewish shopping center.

The fight over the dimensions of the Jewish consciousness, however, is not over. Social conditions in Israel are ripe for the growth of a radical movement that might restore the revolutionary tradition of Israel, as witnessed by the recent violent street demonstrations by young oriental Jews who call themselves Black Panthers. But it is no accident that those demonstrations erupted at a time when the war front was almost totally quiet. For, if an opposition movement is to blossom, there must be a real peace and a settlement of the national question. Thus, Israeli radicals need some help from the Palestinian radicals, and the international Left could help in this reconstruction by establishing ties with *both* the Palestinian and the Israeli Left on the basis of mutual respect for both national liberation movements.

Even if some of these things started to happen tomorrow, it wouldn't mean instant socialism and revolution in the Middle East. It wouldn't mean the immediate end to imperialism and exploitation there. But it could begin a process where socialists and radicals on both sides talked to each other.

And that would also go a long way toward solving my Jewish problem—and ours.

Sol Stern is a free-lance writer and a frequent contributor to RAMPARTS. *He is currently working on a book about Israel and the Left.*

Uval Golan is a 22-year-old artist and lives on Kibbutz Gan Shmuel. He is a member of Siach, the New Israeli Left, and fought in the Six Day War as a paratrooper.

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Egypt Moves West

Internally and externally Egypt is moving towards an accommodation with the U.S. The Russians will maneuver from strength, and will keep their position within Egypt for a long time to come. But the losers in all this are the Egyptian and Palestinian people.

NINE MONTHS AFTER THE DEATH of Gamal Abdel Nasser, Egyptian President Anwar Sadat has managed to consolidate power equal to Nasser's and make a determined bid to crush all possible rivals. His moves manifest the same political characteristics as those of his predecessor: a close dialectical relationship between external policies (towards Israel and other Arab states) and faction struggles within the leadership; a demagogic manipulation of the Egyptian masses; and conscious moves toward accentuating class differences disguised by the pretense of greater equality and popular control.

The purges of May 1971 mark the end of the interregnum after Nasser's death; but the different strands of the May crisis and Sadat's policies are clearly based on a continuation and acceleration of processes that have been going on since the June defeat of 1967. In concrete terms, this process is marked by the crystallization of a class system within Egyptian society, born out of the 1952 revolution. Though this emerging class has benefited from the conflict with Israel and the alliance with the Soviet Union, its benefits are diminishing; and, more important, under both Nasser and Sadat, Egypt has been moving towards

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by Fred Halliday

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greater accommodation with Israel and closer relations with the United States. The Nasserite system has created a crisis both within Egypt and throughout the Arab world since 1965–66, and has been regarded as a regime opposed to the interests of the Egyptian people in particular and the Arab people as a whole. The key moment was the Israeli victory of June 1967 which, along with the death of Nasser, accelerated the process.

When the military came to power between 1952 and the mid-1960s, the Egyptian regime carried out a series of revolutionary changes. Although it had not been carried out with mass support, the 1952 coup did correspond to the interests and hopes of the Egyptian people. It effected two fundamental reforms: first, it broke the political and economic power of both the Egyptian landowning class, centered in the monarchy (King Farouk) and the latifundista families that had grown in the 19th century with the development of capitalist agriculture (the export of cotton); and, secondly, the coup shook imperialism's hold on Egyptian society, by driving out the British bases in 1954, and by nationalizing all foreign capital, industrial and financial from 1955–57.

Between 1957 and 1960 the Egyptian state was unsuccessful in luring Egyptian private capital into heavy industry and state-approved projects. Consequently from 1961–63 a series of nationalizations put 80 percent of Egyptian industry under state control. Thirty-eight new public organizations were created to run the state sector of industry, and within them executive power was shared by the managers of prenationalized plants, and new managers were appointed from the army and the administration. Once the state had acquired effective control of the industrial sector, it introduced its development program, the centers of which are the Aswan Dam and the heavy industry complex at Helwan outside Cairo. At the same time Nasser was careful to give this state-sponsored capitalism a protective socialist coloring. For industrialization in the 1960s was paralleled by the creation of a political organization, the Arab Socialist Union, and an ideology, Arab Socialism, which served as the political expressions of the regime's economic policies.

[ARAB SOCIALISM]

EGYPT'S 34 MILLION POPULATION is concentrated in 2 percent of the land—along the Nile and in the Nile delta. The rest of the country is desert. Since 1952 there have been three land reforms (1952, 1961, 1969) involving progressive cuts in the maximum amount of land each family or landowner can hold and public distribution of these excess lands. However, the main effect of the land reform has been to increase the number of peasants holding between 5 and 50 acres of land, while the percentage of totally landless peasants has continued to rise. At the same time the maximum limits have often been flouted by old landowning families and by new landowners who have developed under the regime. (In 1966 one family was found to have 2320 acres when the maximum was 100.) Co-operatives have been set up in some of the 4000 villages in the countryside, but these too are controlled by the prosperous peasants: they control the credit and the equipment, and interest rates of up to 5 percent per week have been recorded on loans from the co-operative to poor peasants.

In industry the situation is analogous. Although state officials now run industrial enterprises, the old managers and owners often remain. Both now pillage the surplus and pay themselves handsome salaries. When the concept of socialism *(ishtirakia)* was introduced in the late 1950s, it was promoted through the literal meaning of the Arabic word: sharing. However, the "sharing" that took place was between private capital and the state. For example, the Aswan Dam, the biggest construction venture in Egypt, was carried out in cooperation with the private sector and with nationalized companies where entrepreneurs had strong influence. Retail trade and much of construction still remains in private hands.

The development of the state apparatus and of these economic reforms has been accompanied by a massive rise in middle-class consumption. Between 1960 and 1965, purchases of washing machines rose by 390 percent while consumption of wheat rose by only 29 percent and shoes by only 60 percent. There is no small irony in the fact that Rostow's *Stages of Economic Growth* was a best-seller in Egypt: it showed how the surplus for industrialization could be acquired from foreign sources, without consumption.

[THE TWO CONTRADICTIONS]

FROM THE START NASSER'S REGIME was characterized by a profound distrust of the people. Within a month of coming to power in 1952, he had executed the leaders of a strike at Kafr ad-Dawwar outside Cairo. Both the organizations of the left (the Communists) and the right (the Muslim Brotherhood) were smashed by arrests and torture. Political instruments were instead created from the top: the ASU, the unions, the youth organizations.

As an ideology, Arab Socialism reflects this lack of faith in the Egyptian people, for it attacks foreign imperialists and feudalists, but it also attacks "atheistic" communism and class struggle: "Other experiments in progress realized their objectives at the expense of increasing the misery of the working people, either to serve the interests of capital or under pressure of ideological application which went to the extent of sacrificing whole living generations for the sake of others still unborn," declares the National Charter. While invoking the populist image of "the people," the Charter disguised a class dictatorship. The Arab Socialist Union was the political instrument of this process. It has 5 million members, but it was created by the regime and is run by the top leadership. It was founded as an instrument for mobilization and gathering intelligence, not for popular power or education.

Two contradictions are contained within the Nasserite system: one *within* the regime between "left" and "right" factions, and one *between* the regime as a whole and the Egyptian people. In the 1960s, those representing the ASU and the state sector of industry (including Sadat and the present Minister of Economics, Aziz Sidqi) wanted power centered in the *party* with the greater strength going to the state sector, but the right faction was opposed to the party. It

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wanted greater liberalization of the economy with greater freedom for the private sector and also favored boosting middle-class consumption and increasing the political power of the technocrats in certain economic ministries. What ensued was a fight within the regime for control of the apparatus and the surplus, a fight about two alternative means of exploiting the people.

Nasser's genius was his ability to balance these two factions. His personal prestige and private intelligence gave him a key position, and each faction continually struggled to win Nasser over to its side. The main protagonists in the recent crisis, Sadat and Sabry, were on various occasions sacked and then repromoted by Nasser. From the pretense that his position was "above" the factions, Nasser was able to voice criticisms about the regime, about the "new class," about corruption and about the police; and he diverted criticism onto one or the other faction, or into an imagined conflict between Nasser himself and his unruly subordinates.

[EXTERNAL RELATIONS]

GOVERNMENT CONSTRUCTED along the lines chosen by Nasser needs foreign support—both for the development projects and for the additional surplus needed to run the state apparatus. In its first years the regime was friendly to the U.S. government. The U.S. drew up the 1952 land reform plan and even got Nasser to hire ex-Nazi police officers, rather than American, so as not to antagonize anti-imperialist feeling. However, Egypt's military and economic policies soon brought it into conflict with the West—in particular, the Aswan Dam project represented an attempt to develop Egypt's economy free of imperialist control, but the West refused to supply necessary funds. Nasser nationalized the Suez Canal to acquire its revenues, and the Suez invasion followed. Although condemning the invasion, the U.S. gave the Russians paramount position in the country.

American interests in Egypt have been twofold: to limit Soviet influence, and to contain Egyptian influence within the rest of the Middle East, whether in relation to Israel or Saudi Arabia. However, U.S. policy has always been split between "Nasser-lovers" and the more anti-Egyptian cold war stance represented by Dulles and the out-and-out defenders of Israel. Between the late 1950s and the Rogers plan in 1970, U.S. influence on Egypt was limited to forcing Nasser out of Yemen towards an agreement with Israel. But there were always many in the Egyptian leadership's right faction who favored closer ties within the U.S. They favored liberalizing the economy along capitalist lines; they were also more in favor of a compromise peace with Israel because that would lessen the money diverted from consumption to the army and would lessen its political power.

The Soviet Union has not sided with either faction. Hoping to ensure that the regime is secure and will continue to grant them the facilities they require, Russia also wants to prevent any wild and adventurous actions (like attacking the Israelis in Sinai) which might reflect unfavorably on the efficacy of Russian support. The 1967 defeat was a massive humiliation for the Russians; and their military buildup in Egypt since 1967 has been designed to strengthen the Egyptians' confidence, in order to stabilize the regime and to prevent the Israelis from moving west of the Canal. But in the foreseeable future the Egyptians will be in no position either to drive the Israelis away from the Canal or to present any real offensive threat to Israel.

Inside Egypt the Russians are in a paradoxical position. They are strong insofar as the government depends on them for military and economic survival. But they are in a weak position because they need both war and peace: they need a continuation of the conflict with Israel to ensure Egypt's dependence, but they want peace with Israel in order to open the Canal and lessen their expenditures. Moreover, as Sadat has recently pointed out, it is up to the Americans to bring peace to the Middle East since they have the whiphand over Israel; hence it is logical for the Egyptians to move closer to the U.S. to get agreement with Israel.

[THE JUNE WAR AND AFTER]

THERE ARE THEREFORE THREE dimensions in Egyptian politics: relations between the regime and the people, fighting within the regime, and relations between the regime and foreign countries. Since the development of contradictions in the first two sectors and the start of the June war, there has been a complex attempt by each faction within the regime to operate on all three levels simultaneously, i.e., to use the popular feeling to maneuver within the regime, to use faction fighting to maneuver within foreign policy, and to use foreign policy to maneuver factions and the people.

The nationalizations of the early 1960s crystallized the class character of the regime, and by the mid-'60s critics were openly talking of the emergence of a "new class" (*al-tabaqa al-jadida*). In 1966 popular opposition emerged for the first time in a decade: workers in Alexandria's port went on strike, peasants in the delta village of Khamshish attacked a local latifundista family who had held onto 1300 acres, and the students in the university attacked the bureaucratic character of the state. Nasser's response was to voice these criticisms himself by denouncing the "new class," corruption, the survival of "feudalism," and the undemocratic nature of the party. Thus he co-opted the criticisms and they died down.

The defeat precipitated a social crisis inside Egypt with Nasser immediately offering to take full responsibility and resign. But mass demonstrations, spontaneous as well as organized, enabled him to repeal his decision, and Nasser was exonerated. So absent was any feasible alternative, and so hypnotized were they by the fabricated distance between Nasser and the state and the army, that the Egyptian people had no other hope at that stage. Then, in February 1968, some of the military officials on trial for their failures in the June war were given very light sentences, and a wave of worker and student demonstrations broke out. On March 30, 1968, Nasser made a major speech, promising democratization and major reforms; and in the Arab Socialist Union there were to be new elections. Again the opposition was quiet. The elections were held and critics weeded out; and a real attempt was made to insulate the regime from the consequences of the defeat through a conscious process of depoliticization. The open

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discussions that had been allowed right after the war were stopped. By the end of 1968, despite resurging popular opposition, the criticism of the regime was contained.

[THE PALESTINIAN QUESTION]

THE KEY FOREIGN ISSUE for the regime is the question of the Palestinian resistance and the Palestinian people. The regime was prepared to tolerate the resistance as a form of pressure on Israel, but at the same time it tried to control it. Domestically, it won the regime popularity to support the heroic *fedayeen*, but it also threatened it by proving a focus of militancy and popular action outside government. Many Egyptian intellectuals and officials are quite cynically hostile to the resistance; they argue that it is militarily insignificant, regarding it as an adventurous obstacle to the real clash on the "Western front" with Sinai. But this cynicism represents a more fundamental class interest: first, Egypt was unable to control the Palestinians; secondly, the Palestinian resistance, whatever its limits, was the first genuinely popular mass movement in the Arab world for over a decade and was an implicit critique of the bureaucratic manipulation of the Egyptians; thirdly, there would need to be a radical transformation of society from top to bottom if Egypt were to give real support to the Palestinian resistance. Therefore, while Egypt was prepared to give marginal support to the resistance, it was careful to refrain from a major military commitment.

With the Rogers plan, which was announced in June 1970, even this minimal support was withdrawn. By that time, the Russians had made Egypt defensively strong enough to resist Israeli air incursions and the Egyptian population had been insulated from the war and from the Palestinian resistance. Within the regime, the left faction was retreating, and power was centered in Nasser and the right grouping. Internationally the U.S. and Soviet Union were reaching agreement. Rogers' plan necessarily involved liquidating the Palestinian resistance and, within a month of Egypt's acceptance, the resistance radio facilities had been closed in Egypt. Members of the Popular Front and the Democratic Front were thrown out of Cairo or refused permission to enter. Egypt did not send troops into Jordan to help King Hussein; it let him do the job and made a fraudulent gesture of distancing itself from the Amman massacres while actively conniving in them. Afterwards Nasser died, exhausted by his attempts to paper over the contradictions.

[AFTER NASSER'S DEATH]

NASSER'S DEATH WAS GREETED with a week of mass mourning throughout the Arab world. Some have taken this as a tribute to his success. And it did represent an adoration for Nasser's achievements—his anti-imperialist triumphs in the 1950s and his social achievements in Egypt. But at another level it revealed his failure. So much had been attributed to Nasser, not to the regime, nor to the popular power of the workers and peasants. It showed how lost the masses of Arab people felt or how successfully he had personalized Arab and Egyptian politics in himself. His profound and systematic distrust of the Egyptian people received its tumultuous confirmation in the way they mourned his passing. Precisely because he had precluded all criticism of himself, it was impossible for the people to conceive of any alternative to him—living they followed his every zigzag, and dead they felt lost.

Sadat's first nine months have continued the processes begun in 1966–67. His policies fall roughly into three categories: accelerated moves towards strengthening the bourgeoisie, coupled with popular demagogy; liquidation of his factional rivals; further moves toward Israel and the U.S. The best description of the first policy is that of *Time* magazine: "The cruel sequestration laws that Nasser invoked to punish the middle class for opposing him have been eased, and many Egyptians are reclaiming seized property. Faced by a shortage of efficient managers, Sadat is seeking to create a class of executives and to give them a sense of belonging." Encouragement of the private sector and of denationalization trends has had to be balanced by a confusing popular pretense. Sadat is hostile to "socialism" and is suing for peace. Because he can't rely on the demagogic symbols of the left, Sadat has called for a new constitution modeled on the Egyptian village; he has promised to free the people from telephone-tapping and police surveillance—in a country where only the rich have telephones.

At the same time Sadat has attacked his opponents, and tried to blame them for the policies of a regime Nasser created but for which he was equally responsible. Those sacked include the leaders of the left—Fawzi, the head of the army, six ministers including those responsible for police and intelligence, and the leadership of the Arab Socialist Union.

The third component of this policy is the new peace offensive which the left has traditionally opposed—hence the big purges in the ASU and the army. If the peace offensives fail, then it might be possible for a new opposition to crystallize and push out Sadat. The Americans are making as much headway as they can in winning influence in Cairo, both to displace the Russians and to fix up a peace deal. The Russians are uneasy about the purges, not because Sabry and the dismissed army officers represented their faction, but because any faction-fighting destabilizes the regime and because the logic of Sadat's peace moves (as of any peace move) is greater American influence. Sadat did not carry out the purges on orders from the U.S., but he carried them out in the interests of the Egyptian forces he represents. He was trying to win U.S. support and to convince the Americans that his position is secure. No doubt he will engage in a tactical swing to the left in the months ahead which would help to manipulate popular feeling and the feeling within the army. But the long-term class trajectory of Sadat's policies are clear: internally and externally he is moving towards an accommodation with the U.S. Meanwhile the Russians will maneuver intelligently and from strength, and will keep their position within Egypt for a long time to come. *But the losers in all this are the Egyptian and Palestinian people.*

Fred Halliday is an editor of London's New Left Review *and co-author of a forthcoming book on the Persian gulf.*

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Bobby and Ericka:
Free at Last (until next time)

IT WAS THE DAY AFTER JUDGE Harold M. Mulvey had declared a mistrial in the case of Ericka Huggins and Bobby Seale on the grounds that the jury had been hopelessly deadlocked, and Charles Garry and David Rosen were sitting glumly in their New Haven law offices.

Rosen, a young Yale Law School graduate, had been working on the case since March of 1970. Garry had been in New Haven for more than six months, completely neglecting his San Francisco law practice and other important Panther cases.

"Isn't that a bitch," Garry said, his eyes flashing angrily. "They're going to try and keep me here for another six months." The day before, he had made a motion for an immediate retrial, even though he was due in an Oakland, California, court later the same week to begin a retrial of Huey Newton's 1967 manslaughter charge. Rosen said little, but his face reflected an air of deep discouragement. The prospect of going through yet another six-month trial, when the first one had drained financial resources to the bone, was not appealing. Both lawyers had spent a good deal of their time raising money for the defense fund. The transcripts alone had cost more than $400 a day.

"Oh well, we might as well go make our motions," Garry said, getting up and starting towards the door. It was 1:50 P.M. and Judge Mulvey had scheduled a conference in his chambers for 2 o'clock. Garry and Rosen, along with Ericka's lawyer, Catherine Roraback, were planning to file several motions aimed at getting the case dismissed. None of them believed the motions would be granted.

VERY LITTLE WAS SAID INSIDE Mulvey's chambers. The judge merely indicated that he would hear the motions in open court. He did not seem particularly tense or upset. An hour before he had been walking down Elm Street, obviously on his way to lunch and looking as if he hadn't a care in the world. He had passed the newsstand and glanced at the headline on the *New Haven Register* which read, "Majority of Jury Favored Acquittal." This was no news to him. He had been given the voting tallies by the jury foreman the day before, and knew that the final tally had shown that the jurors had voted 11–1 for acquittal of Mrs. Huggins on four of the five counts with which she was charged, and 10–2 for acquittal on the fifth one. He also knew that the revised vote in the Seale case had been 11–1 for acquittal on three counts, and 10–2 for acquittal on the fourth. Furthermore, if his information was as good as that of the defense attorneys and the many reporters who were swarming around the courthouse, he had probably heard the going rumor that Seale had indeed been acquitted on the previous Wednesday afternoon. What was important to the defense, however, was that the people of New Haven knew how close to acquittal the jury had been. They were hoping to induce the Judge either to drop the capital charges (murder and kidnapping) or to set bail so that Ericka and Bobby could be released from their two years of confinement.

Rosen presented the defense motion for dismissal on the grounds of prejudicial publicity, and the impossibility of finding another impartial jury. "Anything else?" asked the judge as Rosen sat down. Arnold Markle, the prosecutor, continued to doodle on a legal pad, and Garry slumped further down in his chair. The entire defense table leaned back to hear their motion denied once again.

Then Judge Mulvey began to discuss the case quietly, admonishing spectators that he would tolerate no outbursts, praising Markle, and noting the change in attitude in Seale and Ericka. Sensing that something important was coming, but afraid to believe it, the audience began to stir.

Then came the judge's key statements: "The State has put its best foot forward in presenting its effort to prove its

by Art Goldberg

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cases against these defendants. They have failed to convince a jury of their guilt. With the massive publicity attendant upon the trial just completed, I find it impossible to believe than an unbiased jury could be selected without superhuman efforts which this Court, the State and these defendants should not be called upon . . . to endure. The motion to dismiss is granted in each case, and the prisoners are discharged forthwith."

Despite Mulvey's warning, there was pandemonium in the courtroom. Spectators were shouting, people in the press section were crying, deputies were running about, reporters were scurrying for telephones, and Bobby Seale and Ericka Huggins were embracing.

The Judge gavelled for order. Arnold Markle (Garry constantly referred to him as "Shitass") had a motion to make. He moved that the defendants be held without bond until he could appeal Mulvey's ruling. The entire courtroom turned towards him, hushed at first into incredulity, then expressing its hostility in whispers.

"Motion denied" said Mulvey matter-of-factly, and Bobby and Ericka were free.

SOME DAYS EARLIER WE WERE sitting in a narrow, sterile room in the State Correctional Center at Montville, Connecticut, the prison where Bobby Seale had been held in solitary confinement for fourteen months. It was May, and the prosecution had just rested its case against the chairman of the Black Panther Party and his co-defendant, Ericka Huggins. The defense was in the middle of putting on its case.

Four of us had driven up from New Haven on a rainy, dreary Saturday morning: Big Man and Rosemary Gross from the Black Panther Party, defense attorney David Rosen and myself. Bobby swung into the room and embraced all of us. We spent the first few minutes laughing together at Bobby's uproarious imitations of prosecution witnesses and other participants in the trial. Soon, however, he seated himself on a wooden desk that was pushed up against one wall, and began to talk about a miscellany of things.

"Huey is right," he said. "The revolution in this country is going on right now, and out of the dying destructive monster that is capitalism, we must evolve a humane people's communalism. In countries like China and Cuba, they had to wait until the day of victory to begin to evolve a people's socialism. But in this country, the situation is different. The United States is not an underdeveloped country, you dig? Here, while the revolutionary struggle is going on, our survival programs will exemplify what the people want and need.

Seale defined a "communal society" as one which has adequate wealth but is organized around its equal distribution. The people control the technology, but on a local level rather than having resources controlled and allocated by a centralized authority.

He said the most immediate task for the Black Panther Party was the implementation of the "survival programs," which he called "the people's fuel for revolution." He spoke of the Party's clothing factory and shoe factory which are being opened in the San Francisco Bay Area, and of his own plans for building communally owned, communally built, inner-city housing as soon as he gets out of jail.

"Here is where the purely military point of view fails," Seale continued. "What the brothers and sisters forget is that the highest level of struggle is with the masses of the people. After Eldridge got out of jail, the party went through a phase of cultism. Too many people were leaning to purely militaristic bullshit, negating the political work the party had done. They knew that political work, unifying the people around our program and setting an example, not only in the black community but to other poor and oppressed people also, was a higher level of struggle. But a lot of people deviated from the rules of the Party. During the retreats the Central Committee had, I was always a strong advocate of all the rules. I also wanted people to relate to the *entire* ten-point program, not just the part about self-defense, you dig?

"I even have to give credit to massive, non-violent civil disobedience," he said."The Mayday demonstrations were ineffective in stopping the government, but did expose some contradictions in the society. It made people see that the government was using troops and fascist tactics to arrest all those people."

SEALE THEN BEGAN TO TALK AGAIN of how his inner-city housing communes would work. I'm not designing a low-rent housing program," he said. "Low-rent housing projects turn into dilapidated ghettos. This communal housing is designed to be permanent, to last 50 years without deteriorating more than 10 or 15 percent. It's going to be communally owned and communally built.

"The houses will be structurally sound and contemporary in design. The apartments are laid out especially for black families with lots of children. Some of them have five large bedrooms. If two smaller families want to rent a place, then those big apartments are laid out so they can easily be divided. Or, if there's a group of young people who want to live communally, there's room for about 15 or 20 of them to live in one, two-story unit.

"The basements will be communal and usable. We'll be able to have rooms where people can hold meetings, places that can be used as workshops, places to show films and have audio and radio equipment—all there, right within the commune. We even have figured out places where we could locate pool rooms, because in the black community a lot of young kids hang out at the pool hall. Instead of hanging out in a place filled with all that capitalist junk, they can be surrounded by some people's revolutionary posters. Of course, there are going to be washers and dryers in those basements, too, as well as storage rooms."

Seale decided that he couldn't go on talking about the communal housing unless he brought out the plans he had drawn up. I remembered then that he had been an architectural draftsman, and had done some building with his father, a carpenter. He opened the door, told the guard he was going back to his cell for a minute, and returned with a roll of drafting paper. He unfolded it on the desk. There were about 15 sheets of professionally drawn designs, showing down to the last detail how the housing was to be constructed.

"You notice," he said pointing to one drawing, "that there is no such thing as a master bedroom in here. And look over here. See how large these windows are, facing

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this communal yard? That's so that parents can keep an eye on their kids down there, those kids that aren't in one of the communal day-care centers. Oh, and I forgot to mention that there will be space for free health clinics also.

"Now the thing is, this communal housing is going to be able to accommodate 40 large families, or from 50 to 60 medium-size families in a square block. That's between 350 and 400 people. The families will pay a monthly maintenance charge of no more than $150 a month. That's for the largest apartment, and it includes utilities. The smaller ones will be $90–$100 a month. At the end of 10 years, the people will own those apartments. You see, when you're dealing with the capitalists you pay rent for 20 years and all you got is rent receipts; but here, you pay for ten years, and you know you've always got a place to live. If you want to move, you just move into a different people's commune, or a larger or smaller apartment, as you need it."

"The communal yard is the key," he said. "That's the place where black folks can get together. I can just see those yards on a Sunday afternoon, with people out there barbecuing and everything. That's what I call placing the ecology problem in the framework of the ghetto. It will be a place for people to eat and sleep if they want to, and there's enough room out there to build swimming pools. It's a place to get ourselves together and forget capitalism, greed and profit."

How was this housing going to be built? "We'll take 20 journeymen like myself, with all kinds of different skills in things like carpentry, plastering, electricity, etc. And then we'll take 80 unskilled brothers and sisters who want to learn those trades, and they'll work with the journeymen, helping them and at the same time learning those trades. So by the end, they'll be skilled workers. And probably a lot of them will be living in the housing they helped build. We can probably get a square block built in six to eight months that way. And I'm talking about good, solid construction, not that prefabricated stuff."

"How are you going to get the money to finance this type of housing?" I asked.

"Well, the first thing me and Ericka are gonna do when we get out of jail, is to sue Arnold Markle for 10 million bucks for false imprisonment. It may take a little time to get that money, so we'll just have to raise it.

It was getting late. We had been inside the prison for three hours. Rosen said that he had to spend more than an hour with Bobby, going over his testimony. Big Man, Rosemary and I said goodbye. Seale smiled, and gave us the clenched fist.

WHY DID JUDGE MULVEY DISMISS the charges? Everyone had a different explanation. Some of the press people felt that he was just a "good, honest judge," the implication being that if there were enough honest judges the American system of criminal justice would work. The three court reporters, who had taken down every word of testimony and argument for the past six months, felt it was because Ericka and Bobby had "behaved well." There was no Chicago-type fracas, and Seale had on several occasions asked supporters in the spectator section to keep quiet. But in a trial as emotionally charged and as widely publicized as this one, it is hard to imagine a judge letting two Black Panther Party leaders out for "good behavior."

An editorial which appeared in the *New Haven Register* on Tuesday, May 25, the day Mulvey dropped the charges, comes closer to the real reasons behind Mulvey's action. The editorial was written Monday evening, after the jury had pronounced itself deadlocked, but before Mulvey had dismissed the charges.

"The hung jury in the case of Bobby G. Seale and Mrs. Ericka Huggins is necessarily a disappointment for the defense, for the prosecution, and for the citizens of Connecticut. . . . All sides have been through a lot together. . . . This community and its people, as well as the principles, have all been challenged to endure an ordeal demanding patience, forbearance, and a steady dedication to common sense along with a constant concern for calm justice. . . .

"The entire proceeding, and indeed the result, is a sharp refutation of Yale President Brewster's doubts about the possibility of a "fair trial" for a Black Panther. The groundless declaration of Mr. Brewster, the destructive agitations imposed upon downtown New Haven by militants out to exploit the Panther issue and the Panther defendants as well, and the other propaganda manipulations revolving here and elsewhere about the trial's personalities, all failed to penetrate the courtroom in any significant way." Which was all a very round-about way of expressing the general feeling in New Haven after the trial. It could all be summed up in three words: "We survived it."

FOR THE CITY OF NEW HAVEN, the trial of Ericka Huggins and Bobby Seale, and before them Lonnie McLucas, was an ordeal that had been going on for over two years—since May 1969 when Alex Rackley's body was discovered in a swamp, 20 miles to the north. New Haven is the type of city that likes its peace and quiet. Even Yale, which keeps a tight rein on the economic and political life of the town, likes peace and quiet, and along with Dartmouth has been the only Ivy League school to avoid prolonged student disruptions.

For Yale and New Haven, May Day 1970 had been traumatic. Yale was forced to cancel its final exams, as on May 1, and 30,000 people filled the "Green" to express support for the Panthers on trial. New Haven became uneasy. The National Guard was called in. The windows in the courthouse were bullet proofed. As never before, note was taken of the fact that 22 percent of New Haven's 138,000 people are black, and that most of them live in the inner city where their misery is largely invisible. They are quiescent; they do not make any demands upon the people who run the university and the city, and they do the menial jobs that white people can afford to turn down.

But the Panther trials were beginning to crack that quiescence. Since the 14 Panthers were arrested in connection with the death of Alex Rackley two years ago, efforts have been underway to politicize New Haven's black community. At the time of the Rackley incident, the New Haven chapter of the Black Panther Party was little more than a month old, having been moved up from Bridgeport in early April 1969. By mid-1970, however, there were

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signs that the presence of the Party was beginning to awaken the black community in New Haven: the McLucas case raised the issue of equal justice for blacks—something that had never before been openly discussed in elegant, liberal New Haven. Later in the year a Panther support group, the People's Committee, began a free-food program in the black community. Alarmed by the radical thrust of the program and its acceptance in the community, a dozen black churches began their own competing programs.

At the same time, the New Haven chapter of the Black Panther Party was, after a long struggle, pulling itself together and successfully recruiting young people out of the community. In January, Huey P. Newton spoke in New Haven. In May, it was the Rev. Charles Koen, the leader of militant blacks in Cairo, Illinois [see RAMPARTS, April, 1971] who addressed a Panther-sponsored "Revival for Survival."

As the Huggins-Seale trial progressed through its early stages, and the search for a jury seemed to be endless, Panther lawyers and occasionally Panther supporters were asked to speak to local groups. Charles Garry became a much-sought-after speaker, talking about racism in America, the lack of opportunity for blacks and the misery of ghetto life. He became a favorite of local reporters, far more colorful and interesting than the usual drab Yale academic or public official. On top of that, New Haven was becoming a stopping-off point for white radicals.

ALL OF THIS MADE YALE uncomfortable. After the outburst of support in May 1970, the university had returned to its usual routine: aristocratic and upper-middle-class young people were back studying, having fun, blowing some dope and histrionically searching for themselves, secure in the knowledge that they would be stepping into comfortable, well-paying careers when they graduated. They had turned off to politics.

This puzzled many of the white radicals who had gone to New Haven with the intention of mobilizing the "Yalies" into a pressure force which hopefully would join with blacks in demanding freedom for Bobby and Ericka. But after the emotional outpouring of May Day 1970, the students were totally disinterested in the trial.

Some observers attributed it to the fact that many felt that Lonnie McLucas had received a fair trial last summer. While the Yalies initially believed that the trial had been a frame-up, "when they learned that a man had actually been tortured and killed, it frightened them. It was too real. They didn't want anything more to do with it," a Movement lawyer suggested. "A lot of those rich kids came out of their ivory towers, and were thrown into contact with ghetto blacks for the first time. They just couldn't handle it."

People connected with the Panther Defense Committee in New Haven explained that the only reason Kingman Brewster made his famous statement last year, and opened up the university to the Movement and community people was because Yale felt it had to open up to protect itself. Rather than fight a large group of dissidents, it sought—successfully as it worked out—to absorb them.

As the *Register* editorial points out, the Huggins-Seale trial was the longest and most expensive in Connecticut history. As the prosecution case drew to a close there were rumblings heard in powerful places. It seems that the State Bar Association was somewhat upset that, after two years of investigation, and nearly two million dollars in expenses, the state had presented virtually no case. Many members of the press corps who covered the trial on a regular basis were equally astounded. The lack of evidence, especially against Seale, was alluded to frequently. Why go through the expense of another trial? Why risk a black uprising in central New Haven? Why bring political agitators into a city that has been able to handle its social problems in neat quiet ways in the past? Why discomfort oligarchic Yale? Why subject white, middle-class New Haven to another six months of tension and anxiety. New Haven clearly had no stomach for another trial, and Judge Mulvey knew what those who run New Haven wanted. They wanted to get rid of the Seale-Huggins case, and the potential problems it raised for the city. As for Mulvey, he was something of a hero to the local judiciary and bar association. Like New Haven itself, he had survived two major political trials without a Chicago-style fracas.

MOMENTS AFTER JUDGE MULVEY announced the dismissal, reporters and TV cameras zeroed in on Charles Garry. He knew what they were going to ask him.

"Did Bobby Seale and Ericka Huggins get a fair trial?" (New Haven has been sensitive to the issue of a "fair trial" ever since Yale President Brewster's statement in spring 1970, under extreme student pressure, that he thought it was impossible for black revolutionaries to get fair trials in the U.S. After Panther Lonnie McLucas was convicted of kidnapping in the Rackley case, but acquitted of three more serious charges, his attorney, Theodore Koskoff, had allowed that, "Yes, McLucas got a fair trial." The press had been jubilant. It showed the system was working.)

"Hell, no! How can you say they got a fair trial?" Garry said with passion. "They've been in jail for two years on charges that never should have been brought to trial in the first place. I've had prosecutors from around here tell me that they have dismissed cases on their own that had a lot stronger evidence against the defendants than the evidence Arnold Markle tried to present."

"Then you still believe Brewster was right?"

"Judge Mulvey just proved that, didn't he?" Garry shot back. You had two unsentenced people, people who are supposed to be presumed innocent, spending nearly two years in isolation, being degraded almost every day, shackled like animals. How can you tell me that they received justice?!"

As for Bobby Seale, he was jubilant, of course. But his joy was tempered by the knowledge that he had passed but one more milestone in the long road of judicial harassment stretching out before him.

Art Goldberg is a contributing editor to RAMPARTS. *This article was written with the assistance of Don Freed, whose complete account of the Seale-Huggins trial, "Agony in New Haven," is soon to be published by Bantam Books.*

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Culture/Counter Culture

Notes from Rainbow Farm

The following report is an account of the attempts of Rainbow Farm, a commune on the Eastern seaboard, to get themselves through the harsh winter months and the early stages of their life together. Because of the widespread interest in rural life and alternative lifestyles, we will, in future issues of the magazine, present further accounts of Rainbow Farm and other communitarian experiments.

AFTER THE WINTER, THE BROWN muddy ground looked defeated and dead, incapable of supporting life, beaten finally by five months of snow in the cruelest season of the century. It was late in April before we could walk in the fields back of the 200-year-old farmhouse (lately and somewhat haphazardly refurbished) in which we had lived out the winter; and for two weeks or more after that, the mud was almost as thick as the snow had been. During most of May, we burned the last of our winter's wood in the Ashley stove every night, and every drizzle threatened to become a spring snowstorm.

What first came through the winter's snow was not a crocus or a hemlock top, but the right arm-rest of an old gray overstuffed chair we had left upturned under an apple tree in early December. Then, through the kitchen window, we saw the top of an old cement mixer that had been irretrievably locked in the snow. Soon old rakes, buckets and sections of stovepipe began turning up. The winter had been confining in many ways, but the reappearance of these forgotten possessions made our own long snowy spell in Vermont seem more of an imprisonment than we had noticed at the time.

[THE WINTER'S TALE]

WHEN THE SNOW STARTED falling in November, six of us were living here under an uneasy truce: friends in a house more than a family in its home. The permanent collection of people had settled out from the summer's bunch of crashers without particular plan; most of us had not determinedly come to the country; we had simply stayed.

As the snow level rose, our world became increasingly small. The road periodically disappeared, then reappeared, in a new course according to the whims of the town snowplower. Much of every day was spent pushing by muscle or pulling by Jeep our own cars or those of our visitors—mostly neighboring communards, with the usual assortment of barely ambulatory vehicles. Half of our house was closed for the winter (the rooms with no insulation or heat), and on the coldest days, when it was 20 below, we stayed huddled together around the two stoves. We got to know each other some, and we watched the icicles grow.

We also got to know our firewood. We had cut it all by hand (with a small chainsaw and a two-man crosscut), hauled it from the woods to various collecting stacks, chopped it into usable chunks and threw it into the fires. Almost all of the wood in the first year on the farm was of dead or fallen trees (much of it blighted elm —the hardest to split), and not all of it burned very well. One old oak seemed to be composed of negative wood: the brighter it burned, the more it seemed to draw heat from every corner of the room.

The sun grew distant and passed by us only briefly. We fed our fires and ourselves, talked, and sat watching the snowy fields, like voyagers on an ancient ship, pushing deeper and deeper into the Arctic. The winter finally began to define us. Locked in by the snow, what visitors we received sometimes overwhelmed us, or we overwhelmed them. There were old friends from former lives, and new ones from familiar and unfamiliar places. We talked about revolution, and, although we felt ourselves to be part of the Movement, we were at a loss to say where we were on the continuum of politics, between communal togetherness and action in the streets. We were intensely involved this winter (as were many people in the cities) with what someone euphemistically called "the politics of personal liberation"; but, although we often felt that the revolution was in our kitchen as much as in any other place, we also knew that it was in those other places, and we were sure we'd find ourselves in Washington in May.

Since it was our first winter—or maybe because we are who we are—not much went smoothly. The wind blew the heat out of the house; one of the woodsheds collapsed under the snow, burying five cord of cut logs; axe handles broke every other day; the chickens stopped laying. We got into endless uncollective rounds of messing up and cleaning up the house, scooping up piles of dog and cat shit, and hassling about money. We struggled happily and unhappily about our differences in age and experience, male and female roles, gayness and straightness, powertripping and dependency. There were wonderful times when we skied or snowshoed across the vast snowfields, or found calm ways of being together and feeling good. In March the snow was still high, but the birds began coming back and the dogs began going out, and winter, which had been an almost human presence, began moving away. We felt that it had been a seventh member of our commune, and we had struggled

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with it not to triumph or defeat, but to some new understanding of who we are and what in the world we're doing at the end of a dirt road beneath three hills in Vermont.

[THE WAY WE LIVE NOW]

THERE IS A LIST TACKED to the wall in the kitchen:

Morning Work:
Feed and water: pigs, goat, dogs, cats, chickens, bees (until they get it on themselves)
Collect eggs
Water seedlings in flats
Empty trash and compost
Wash dishes and cleanup kitchen
Fire up cook-stove, chop and carry in wood, empty ashes
Put records back in alphabetical order.

That all gets done, usually, by the first person up, while others sleep and hope it will all be finished by the time they get going.

There is another list with projected plans for the (short) building and growing season:

Build dog pen
Clear old barn site and build barn
Reconstruct stone walls
Finish sauna
Finish attic rooms
Convert woodshed to workshop and build new woodshed
Get in winter's wood
Do planting, etc. etc.
Put clapboarding on outside wall of kitchen
Raise X thousands of dollars.

Since the list went up several weeks ago, only the kitchen clapboarding has been completed; other projects are underway on the ground, or in our heads. The dog pen, for instance, is finished in everything but the fencing ($150 worth of Sing-Sing quality walls) and our three big dogs will soon move from their solitary confinement on chains in the yard to a brand new detention camp. The dogs roamed free for most of the fall and winter. Then, when the winter was almost over, they ran and mortally wounded a pregnant doe, and as a pack they became dangerous to wild and domestic animals. They have behaved badly: charges against them now stand at murder of one kitten, chickenslaughter in the second degree, deerslaughter in the first degree, conspiracy to kill more deer, attempted murder of a goat (two overt acts), conspiracy to do in two guinea hens, and common nuisance howling at the home of a neighboring psychiatrist with a bitch in continual heat. Though we are very much (maybe too much) into our dogs, we can't deal very well with their pack instincts, which now include almost daily fights as the dog lowest in the hunting order challenges the one above him for rank.

When the pen is finished, we'll begin work on the barn. Like archeologists on a dig, we are excavating the ancient site of a barn which burned down long ago. We'll rebuild its stone foundation, level the ground enclosed and raise a new building according to the old dimensions. It would be cheaper to tear down and haul away materials from an old barn in the neighborhood than to buy new lumber; and we may try to make our own beams from available timber on our property, or from land we're clearing (with help from another commune) on the site of a disgusting ski resort about 30 miles from here. There may be enough wood there for our winter heating needs, but it hurts us too much to participate in the rape of Vermont.

It still amazes us that as much gets done as *does* get done; by choice and inclination, work is very loosely organized and the days are structured subtly in our heads and not in formal ways. We are all middle-class freaks, with the predictable attitudes about work, and we have found that it is not only the Man's work that alienates us. Tensions arise over sex roles in work, competence and incompetence, goal-orientation and process-orientation. We're alternately lazy and compulsive, over-achieving and bored. Some projects are fun and rewarding: we make our own home brew (with malt, water, yeast, a handful of rice and a touch of coconut) and our first batch of dandelion wine is sitting in our "brewery" corner by the cook-stove. The garden is the best work of all; we have plowed, harrowed and tilled more than half an acre, and the rows are filling up with an enormous assortment of vegetable seeds and seedlings that may or may not be ready to eat by the time the short growing season (120 days, maybe) ends. We'll freeze and can as much as we need to get through the winter with as little dependency on the A&P as possible.

[ALL IN A SUMMER SEASON]

IT'S HARD FOR ANY ONE OF US to believe that the green expanses of field and forest in our valley were white and barren less than a month ago. Spring exploded with unexpected extravagance, and life forced its way through the land with a natural poetry that put the things we read in school to shame. But with the buds came the first summer trippers, and the rumors about the "Vermont summer" with an invasion of city freaks is fairly frightening. It's hard to believe that the existing space can happily accommodate the transient thousands that may be coming. But we were transients last year, too, and it's strange to feel proprietary about a place that only tentatively has accepted *us*.

Our friends are mostly like ourselves: urban dropouts of one, two or three years' duration in country communes. We've become close to only a few "local" young people, friendly

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with several more and at odds with one or two. We learn as much as we can from the farmers and their children and from communards with more experience; for the rest, it's trial and a great deal of error, and gleanings from the new cash crop of hippie fix-it, good-life books. We know we're no experts, and we know that there's more to the good life than brewing dynamite dandelion wine.

LIVING OUR LIVES COMMUNALLY is a choice that we once made and now cannot abandon. We live with the exhilarations and the ambiguities of the style. The ideal of sturdy pioneers living on the land to escape the city's "values" rubs against the reality of our individual needs. We brought our dogs, our stereos, our rugs and our political posters; we left behind the possibilities of tropical fish, American Express visits, Playboy Magazine, ranchhouses and 2.4 kids. We're neither political heroes nor rugged vagabonds, famous farmers nor foot-loose freaks.

One day during the winter, Great Aunt Beatrice came here to visit her grandniece, who is in our family; she stayed for a week. She is 40 years older than the oldest "young" person here. We didn't need to change our style while she was here: we took our communal saunas, kept our doors open, did our usual things that might freak out uptight parents. Aunt Bea was not freaked. For a while, we entertained the illusion of a world without differences of age or class, sex or education, parentage or childhood, politics or experience. On the last day of Aunt Bea's visit, a great many visitors came to the farm; one thing led to another, and we found ourselves partying on the roof of the porch under a hot spring sun as the snow melted beneath us. We had forgotten that Aunt Bea was in the kitchen, until we saw her start down the path to the cars, her cane slipping in the soft snow. A friend from her town in Connecticut was driving her back home. She waved to us on the roof, and we climbed down to wish her goodbye. We were embarrassed at the sudden scene, but when her car pulled away we went back up to the roof and didn't think about her again that day.

Letters:

[ABORTION RIP-OFF]

EDITORS: The abortion help ad on page 60 of the May RAMPARTS should not be there, not in RAMPARTS. Professional Scheduling, the advertiser, and its fellow vultures prey on young women coming into New York state to get abortions. By ads such as the one you ran for them, they attract the confused, the unsure, the lost women. Then they charge a stiff fee for finding her a hospital and a doctor—a thing she could do for herself with a New York phone book.

Get the ad out.

DON BAUMGART
Seattle, Washington

Several readers brought the rip-off nature of abortion referral agencies to our attention, and the ad for Professional Scheduling has been dropped.

—THE EDITORS

[EDUCATED CHILDBIRTH]

EDITORS: While writing this letter I am sitting in a delivery room in an Akron hospital. I am a man and a nurse. . . . In both roles I have read and enjoyed "The Aesthetics of Childbirth" [RAMPARTS, May 1971] but with some criticism.

Ironically I must defend in part the usage of analgesia and anesthesia in parturition. . . . Large doses of analgesics in conjunction with scopolamine (an amnesiac) will render the patient a maternal banshee; but this is not the *general* rule today. Judicious use of pain-killers at the right time will guide the mother along to a happy delivery if it is coupled with proper emotional support. She can be awake, with a minimum of pain.

As for the Lamaze method, education is the key! This is where we as doctors and nurses fail our mothers. It takes involvement and, as Miss Van Gelder points out, banishing our personal prejudices. When we conquer

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these obstacles we begin to really help the mother with the Lamaze method or usage of analgesics. And what prospective parents need to realize is that there is no need to regard one or the other method as *absolute*. The facts must be openly presented and then a choice made. But both can work! . . .

Also most babies can be delivered anywhere, but the hospital provides safety and skill. And if its personnel can fight the sterile depersonalization, we can truly cultivate a love situation with all parents.

MARK A. CIRIELLO
Akron, Ohio

[FOOD FREAKS UNITE!]

EDITOR: Daniel Zwerdling's exposé on food pollution [RAMPARTS, June 1971] was a real mind-blower to me, a single and sixtyish weight-watching career woman who cooks for no one but myself.

I confess to being something of a do-it-yourself snob in the realm of cookery, never eating white bread, prepared cereals or frozen foods. I would have considered my well-balanced protein and fresh vegetable diet fairly pollution-free, but after reading that "no one needs potassium sorbate . . . or hydroxylated lecithin which, the FDA food additive committee warns, science knows frightfully little about," I made a survey of my refrigerator and found that my Heckman dill chips contain polysorbate; my wishbone (Lipton) low-calorie Italian dressing contains potassium sorbate and EDTA and my Kraft mayonnaise also contains the latter, "to protect flavor."

But the real payoff was the PAM that lately I have been spraying my skillet with when I scramble eggs. The label says it contains lecithin "a pure vegetable product" and propellant . . . I understand the kids sniff it instead of glue.

I'm wondering whether *Good Housekeeping* knew what propellant was used, when they gave PAM their seal of approval—in exchange naturally for advertising in its insipid, 1895 pages.

ANNE MARIE PEPPELL

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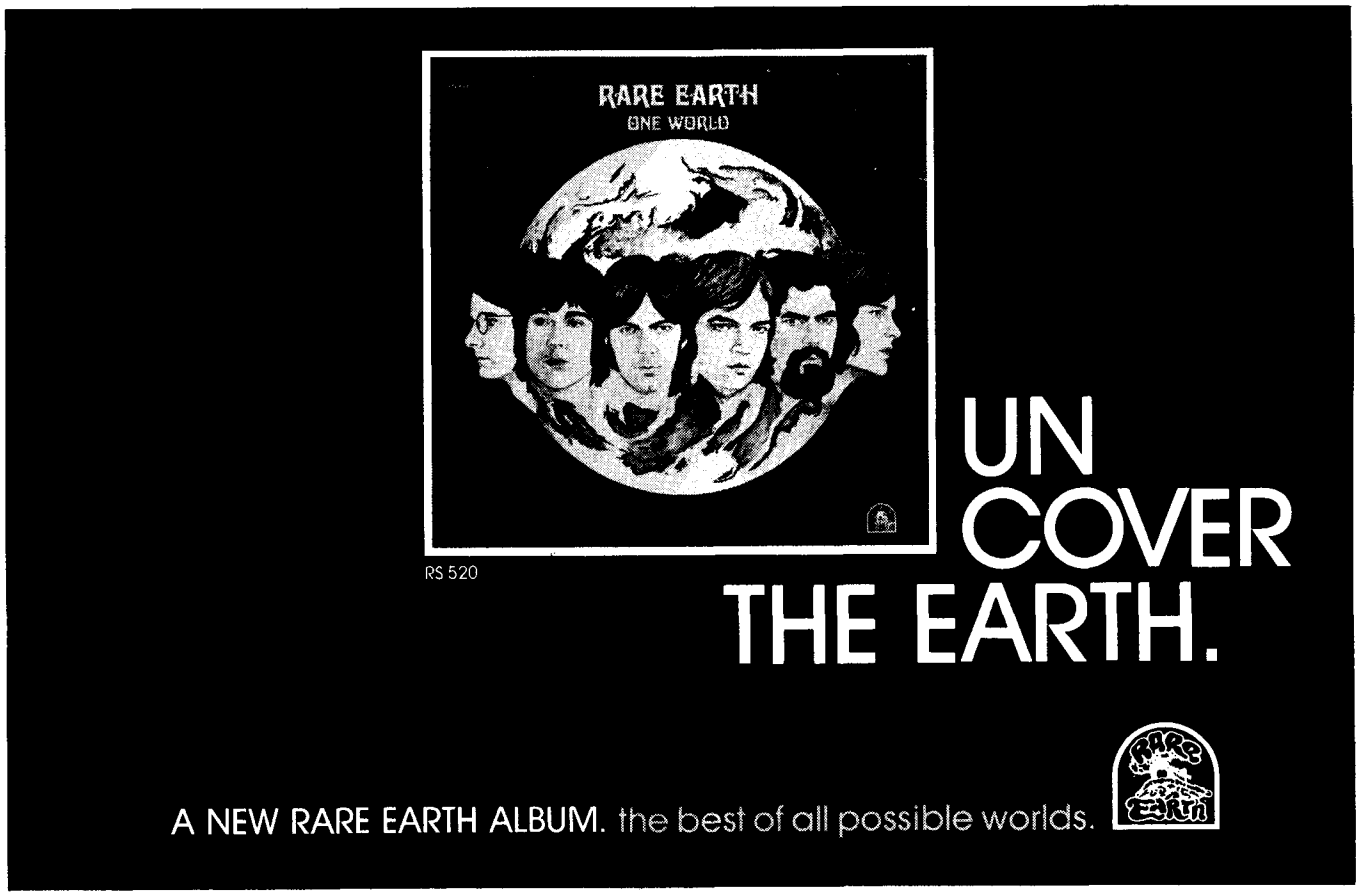

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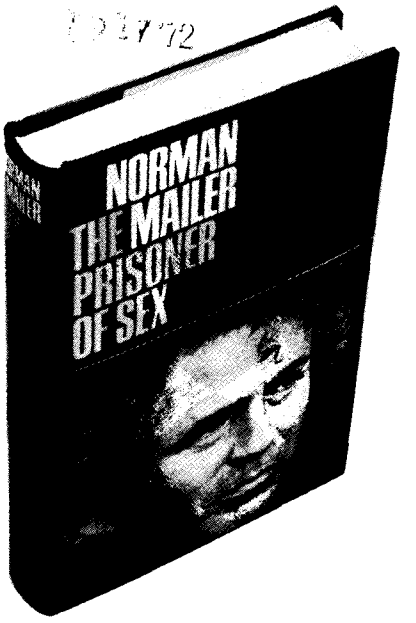

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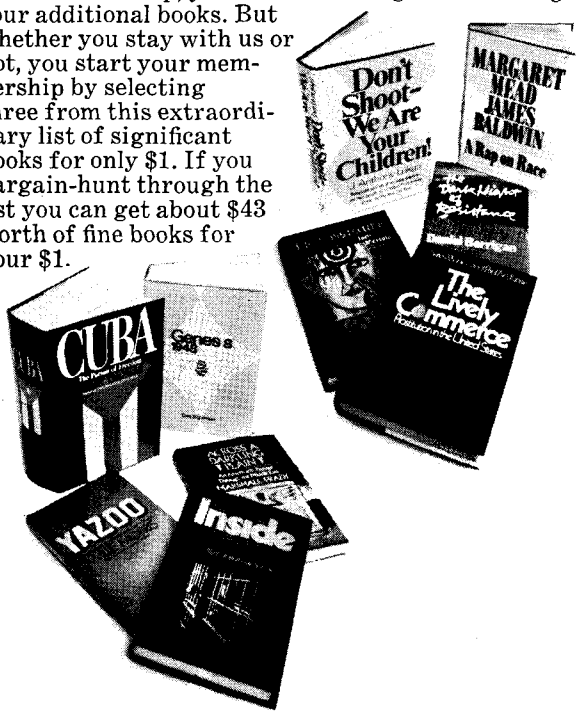

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